LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER THRILLING BOYS' SERIAL IN LEDGER SOON

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXV. NO. 21. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1907. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

TWO FACES UNDER ONE HAT

By H. E. SCOTT, Author of "The Pretty Typewriters," "The Girl from Nacoupin," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

CALEB MARSH DEMANDS HIS DUES.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the eighth of September, 1886, a bay horse to which was attached an ordinary open buggy, drew up in front of the farmhouse of Abner Ellis, some three miles south of the village of Coulton, and the occupant of the buggy alighted.

His first act was to secure his horse to the one gatepost yet standing, and from which the gate was loosely swinging to and fro, offering no bar to the egress or ingress of man or beast, after which he advanced slowly towards the house, a two-story frame structure that stood some forty yards from the road, and which, to judge from its weather-beaten appearance, stood sadly in need of at least two coats of paint, while the barn and outbuildings off to the left, to have resembled those of a thrifty farmer, would certainly have required no less.

Arrived at a point midway between the dilapidated gate and the house, the man halted and raised from his head a low-crowned, broad brimmed, rusty-looking hat, which the rain, sun and exposure of at least three seasons had not sufficed to convert into a "slouch," though what color it may once have been it would have been difficult to decide.

Very deliberately the right hand was raised to the head and as the long, bony fingers of the same disappeared in an upward movement through the coarse, red-dish hair, a pair of dull, cold, gray eyes, over which the heavy eyebrows met at the bridge of the nose, glanced from side to side as far as they could reach, taking in all surroundings.

This man, as years go, had passed the forty-fifth mile post—he might have passed the fiftieth. Of medium height, he was lank and bony—his face somewhat freckled. Pale, though not unhealthily so, large lips, full and colorless, projecting brows, heavy square chin, and a thin, vulture-like nose.

A face once seen not to be forgotten, and one that told of a passionate, calculating, bold, stern and contemptible character. In some ways feeble—in others strong. What was he? Who was he?

Caleb Marsh—and a farmer. Yes, more. No man with that physiognomy could be a farmer only. He must be a plotter, schemer, fanatic or financier.

Caleb Marsh was all of these, and was, besides, the wealthiest man for many miles around. Yet, there he stood on Abner Ellis' walk, as far as dress would indicate, a farmer only, and not a very extensive one at that.

Caleb Marsh had not acquired his wealth by putting clothes upon his back, nor did his garb now more denote his financial standing than when he had loaned four thousand dollars on Crosby farm, twenty years before, when he made his first appearance in the section, and was regarded as a young man without a dollar.

It was the second time before Caleb restored his hat to his head. He then started on up the walk, with the exclamation: "It's high time something was done! Everything seems going to the devil—buildings going to wreck, fences down, stock all sold or dead. Lucky for me the mortgages are due. You must give up Elwood, Abner Ellis! Yes, two hundred and sixty acres more will have to be added to the available assets of Caleb Marsh, or you must surrender to me the hand of your pretty daughter!

"Strange, what a fancy I have taken to that Ellis girl! Kate! Kate Ellis! Ever since she returned from school, and my eyes fell on her face, I can think of nothing else than making her my wife—and now here I am ready to release my hold on Elwood for her hand! Gods! What would Sister Sarah say to that? I know what she will say! Caleb Marsh, you're a fool to give ten thousand dollars for a pretty bird when there's plenty to be had for nothing.

"Well, there's only one Kate Ellis, and I must have her! I will have her! Yes, either Kate or Elwood! Humph! If Arthur, the missing son, ever returns, in securing Kate, I secure both, for the old man can't live forever. Well, here I am—and Caleb Marsh ascended to the piazza and with the knuckles of his right hand knocked on the door.

"Come in, Caleb Marsh! I saw you through the window. I am that bad I am unable to come to the door."

"Humph," ejaculated Caleb, as he opened the door, "he will be glad to surrender the girl, but I doubt not I'll surprise him."

He advanced into the hall, closed the door behind him, passed through another to his right, and was in the presence of the man who for forty years had been the master of Elwood, and whose father before him had pre-empted of the Government.

Abner Ellis, in his prime, had been a man good to look upon—athletic of frame, six feet two inches in height, dark beard, weight two hundred and ten pounds, proud of himself and his family, paying always every claim when due. Honorable, free and hospitable—too much so in fact—spending always his income with both hands—nay, more!

Look at him now, as he sits in his large armchair near an old-fashioned desk by the window, fumbling with papers that are strewn over it. Prematurely old, wrinkled and gray! The light of youth and health has gone from his eyes and his hands are shaking as if with palsy.

"Well, Caleb! Well!" he exclaims, somewhat excitedly and in a broken voice. "You saw him? Saw my late wife's father? He—he——"

"Utterly refuses to come to your aid! Utterly ignores both you and your daughter. Says he washed his hands of her when she became your wife, and that every dollar he has when he dies shall go to public charities. Oh, if he was stubborn when he was fifty years of age, you may imagine what he is now at near eighty. You have nothing to hope from him. He ordered me out of the house when I made known the message on which I was there."

"What? What?"

"Yes, though I told him that for yourself you asked nothing; that Arthur, your son, was probably dead, and it was only to save Elwood to his granddaughter.

"Ordered you out? Ordered you out? My Kate's grandfather? The brute! God! that is more than I can bear! Old friend, I little thought to subject you to that. So he will carry his venom with him to the grave? Well, let him! Arthur is not dead! No, Arthur is not dead! All will be well when he returns. He will pay the mortgages, interest and all. He will release Elwood and make me a man again! You see, I am broken down, Marsh! I have had my day!

"I married Eli Perrin's daughter 'gainst her father's will twenty-five years ago. I was much the elder, but we were happy. Her father had decided that she should marry his business partner. We eloped. I was then engaged in business in Chicago, where my two children were born. My health failed and I removed to Elwood,

You know the rest. You prospered. I was a poor farmer. My wife died. Educating my children cost money. Things went from bad to worse. You held the mortgages on Elwood farm. You are my friend! God bless you, Marsh!"

"Thirty years ago—"

"You didn't tell Perrin all, Marsh? Of the ills I'm in, without a servant, without a horse or a cow? You didn't tell him all?"

"Every word, Abner!"

"Oh, the shame! The shame! I would not have had you do that."

"I left no stone unturned to reach his heart."

"The old villain, to disinherit his own flesh and blood—I'll I'll," and the farmer sprang to his feet as if he was a young man, and fire flashed from his eyes. "Ah! Your hand, Marsh! Your hand! I forgot my rheumatism."

"You can't blame him so much, Squire, after all. You have had your day, as you stated, only money would never cling to your fingers. Common farmers like you and I can afford fast horses and fine carriages with dogs and guns and the Lord knows what else. Neither can they afford boarding schools for their boys and girls. People's lives are what they make 'em, to my notion. You had enough better start than I did."

"No, you have a right to crow, Marsh, so crow away! I lived too fast in my younger days, and my children must suffer for it. It's hard, hard, Marsh!"

"But just, neighbor, just! You can't deny that. And now that your last hope is gone let us talk business."

"Last hope gone? No, no! Arthur, Arthur! My last hope is on him."

"Abandon it. You have not had a line from the boy in six months, you admit. He can't be alive. There you made another foolish move, driving Elwood to the poor farm and sending him to Chicago to try the fortunes of the board of trade. Of course the boy lost it, and then with nothing to come home to he probably committed suicide or deserted for parts unknown. You will never hear from him again."

"I don't believe it, Marsh! I do, I do! I must, I must have my money before the fifteenth of the month. I shall foreclose and take Elwood if you fail to pay it. You understand?"

"Elwood! Elwood! Take my home—the roof that covers my daughter's head! Marsh! Marsh!"

"Neighbor, I only want what belongs to me. You must mind what I say."

"Why, my father pre-empted Elwood from the Government. It was entered there in 1830. No, no, you can never have Elwood! It must go to my children. I can't—I can't—I can't! Marsh, I can't do it! You must wait until my boy comes home."

"No, neighbor, I can't wait a day longer. The place is all run down, and it will take I'll spend to put it in shape. I'm a poor man, in fact. I don't believe any one else would pay you a thousand dollars for it. I just thought I'd tell you. I shall go to Coulton and foreclose on the fifteenth."

"I'll see you d—n up," said the old man, in a choking voice, "never!"

"Never! You'll have to, Abner, or pay the mortgages, and you can't do that. The place is virtually mine now. Yes, as much as the Elms!"

"The Elms? You bought the Elms with money I contributed Elwood!"

"You didn't inherit my money, neighbor. It's in the farm, and I must find a use for them. You can't say a word!"

"And my daughter, and I must find a home on the highway! God! Oh, God! What have I brought on my own flesh and blood? I knew you a hard man, but I never looked for this."

"A hard man! Didn't I loan you money when you needed it? Because I am your friend must I lose my money? No, no! Business is business—friendship is friendship! But where are you going?"

"Out, out!" and the old man, crazed, despondent farmer, as he feebly strode toward the door, "out, out, and hand in hand will cross the threshold for the last time! Will never be driven from Elwood by the hand of law. We'll put you to no more expense, Caleb Marsh! Ha, ha! Good-bye, neighbor!"

"Neighbor! Neighbor! Wait, I tell you I am your friend. You can pay off my mortgages. You can clear your title to Elwood! You realize now that you have lost it, and I am about to surprise you. I'm a staid, steady man, forty-five years of age, close and mean I suppose you called, but I am not. I am only—well, just and prudent! I want my dues and nothing more! You can do it every dollar!"

"What! What!" cried the farmer, who had hand in whose eyes a gleam of hope had lighted.

CHAPTER II.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

"You have a daughter, neighbor," continued Caleb. "I have watched her grow from childhood to womanhood. Making money and adding to my landed possessions, as you know, has been the ambition of my life thus far. People have wondered why Caleb Marsh never married—Caleb Marsh couldn't afford the luxury and expense of a wife——"

"A good wife would have been a help to you, Caleb."

"Help to me? Wouldn't it have cost money to clothe her and feed her? Wouldn't it have taken dollars that have gone into land to have bought trumpery to have tickled her fancy and won her consent to become my wife? I am no beauty, no Adonis, neighbor, and I never knew how to use soft words. I was raised an orphan. Thirty years ago an uncle who could barely subsist his own family from the proceeds of the rocky acres of his Maine farm, cast Sally and me adrift.

"We walked sixty miles to Portland, and from there worked our way West. I was but fifteen years of age, but I was old enough to see that money was the only alleviator of misery. I made a vow to become a wealthy man. Sally, the three years my senior, swore to devote her life to helping me accumulate. We placed the sum we should require before we ceased our efforts at one hundred thousand dollars. We placed it high!

"No matter how we drudged, how we toiled or how we lived—from that day to this Caleb Marsh has never gone to bed at night that he has not added more gold to his pile when he arose in the morning. For years we collected old iron, bottles, brass and rags which we sold to the junkmen. She, clothed in gunny sacks or the cast-off garments of the rich; I in much the same. Our food was the leavings from the tables of others. We had but one object in view, saving our wealth incrown. And increase it did, and so rapidly that when, twenty years ago, we were married I knew I possessed a fortune. I knew it to a penny. I left my wife for cash the Elms, a mortgaged farm, and loaned out money. That left me rich.

"Today I am the owner of a score of farms. The hundred thousand mark is long since passed. Sally, a fine, stirring older day by day. Sarah looks like a withered crone of sixty. Shall I not be proud of my wealth?"

"Indeed! Caleb Marsh, true! But then, why so fast to foreclose the mortgages on Elwood?"

"Neighbor, neighbor—Caleb Marsh must leave some heirs behind. Sarah and I have determined on having our boy Arthur, at least a wife, who may in time inherit all of which he cleared the path. You will never hear from him again."

"I don't believe it, Marsh, not a word! My dependence is on my boy."

"You can't know any more than me, or take any more chances, neighbor! Money is money! I have ten thousand dollars in good, hard cash tied up in Chicago against the last year's interest—six hundred dollars."

"True, and you want the interest. But you see how it is, Marsh. I don't know it myself yet now. I am living from hand to mouth. Cattle gone! Horses gone! I've nothing—nothing but Elwood and my daughter!"

"And the interest alone that I want, neighbor. I want the principal as well—ten thousand six hundred dollars, and I want now. Heaven's sake, business, you know! I must have my money before the fifteenth of the month. I shall foreclose and take Elwood if you fail to pay it. You understand?"

"Elwood! Elwood! Take my home—the roof that covers my daughter's head! Marsh! Marsh!"

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"We walked sixty miles to Portland, and from there worked our way West. I was but fifteen years of age, but I was old enough to see that money was the only alleviator of misery. I made a vow to become a wealthy man. Sally,

these immense profits of the company, those mortgages will melt away like dew before the sun."

"I am so proud of you, Mark! And I love you!"

"Even if I did propose on the highway, dear?"

"Yes! And on the highway I promised to become your wife. I am not bearing home with me a letter from my brother; but I bear within something I did not have before—a happy heart, Mark!"

"And in that condition it shall be my life's endeavor to keep it, dear. How familiar seems everything along this road over which I have so often traveled. Ah, look, Kate, there in the distance is the roof of your father's house. I shall soon greet my old benefactor. Oh, but won't he think me bold when I ask for his dearest treasure?"

"You will not be asking for his dearest treasure, Mark; that is Elwood."

"Pardon, dear, in my eyes, Kate, is your own dear self! I'd not exchange your love for a thousand Elwoods! And we will help your father to retain the home he prizes."

While the above conversation had been going on between these two reunited young lovers who, there on the highway, had plighted their troth, they had been unconsciously nearing Elwood—nor was it long before Kate discovered the form of Caleb Marsh standing at the gate. Her face flushed as she remarked:

"The man who holds the claims against Elwood may be now, urging their payment of my old father, and he knows that he is without a dollar."

"Caleb Marsh?"

"That is his horse and buggy at the gate, I feel certain. He doubtless regards himself as virtually the owner of our old home now."

"And yet, the vampire shall never be nearer its owner than he is at this time."

A few minutes later they were at companion reached the gate.

"Yes, your father is a changed man, dear," said Mark. "Elwood is no longer the Elwood of old. Everything tells of the misfortune that have fallen upon the proud owner. The old home is a wreck."

"Come, Mark, William is at the door. Caleb Marsh must soon be going. I dislike to meet him. We will pass through the hall to the living-room."

This they did, as we have seen, and a moment later Caleb left the house and drove homeward.

CHAPTER IV.
FARMER ELLIS CHANGES HIS MIND.

"So Caleb Marsh will release Elwood for my unsatisfied claim, will he?" muttered Ellis as he sat in his armchair. "It seems incredible, but it is so. Love is a power! I never would have believed that that vampire could be brought to release his hold on one inch of Cyder creek let alone Elwood, for the hand of any girl in Christendom. Oh, but he believes Arthur to be dead, and thinks his release will be but a temporary release—that Kate will inherit Elwood when I am gone and that he will secure both a lovely bride and these broad acres!

"Ah, Caleb Marsh, you are no fool! In love? Then what with Kate's death and a union that would be! A fresh, young beauty of my bonny Kate, wedded to a skinflint and a fool old enough to be her grandfather! I know what she will say—and yet, it is fitting that at the moment before closed, and Elwood passes into other hands.

"That shall never be. Caleb Marsh is why should she not wed the old moneybags? Better that than poverty. Girls either marry for love or money. Kate loves no one, that is, aside from her old broken father and her brother. Arthur should she not marry wealth?

"Ah, but Perry—she cannot love Mark! Why, he may have returned for the purpose of laying siege to her heart. He, too, thinks Arthur is dead, and that he becomes wooing Kate, who he thinks will inherit Elwood. A thankless task. But Kate is not for him. Better, far better wed Caleb, since they are of the same name. Yes, I must break that up at once. My daughter must become the wife of Marsh—Kate is no other name than the grandfather will not make his own flesh and blood his heirs.

"The old scoundrel! I thought that now his wicked soul was dead and at rest he knew we were reduced to poverty he might relent. Poverty? Gods, it is not to be borne.

"Kate! Kate!" called the old man loudly.

"Yes, father." Yes!" and the door opened and Kate and Mark, who had been arranging how they should make known to the farmer the fact that they had plighted their troth, hand in hand entered the room and stood before him.

The old man's face darkened as his eyes fell on their faces, happy with knowledge of their mutual love—even if somewhat confused in appearance.

"Hey! How does this mean?" he exclaimed. "So, like a bad penny you have come back, Mark Perry! You have come back! But what for? To gaze on the ruin of a home, I trow. If you had done your duty you'd have remained here and worked the farm. I might not then have become a pauper. Turn loose my girl's hand! You are too familiar."

"Sir, in all these years I have not been unmindful of your kindness to me when I was a lad. I am sorry that you regret that you have so cold a welcome for me. This roof covers that which is dearer to me than all else on earth—happy memories, and the girl I love! She has promised to become my wife dear."

"You wife! Your wife!" cried the old man, staggering to his feet. "He, ha! I see it all! You think Arthur is dead and that Kate will inherit Elwood. The farm is mortgaged to its value, boy. We are paupers. Kate will not have a shilling in the world, and I—I am a beggar! The money is due—only one course remains to keep Elwood in the family name. The mortgagee has asked the hand of my daughter in marriage. I have given my consent.

"Father! Father!" cried Kate. "You could not! I would rather die! What, marry a man I despise! One whom I have often heard you pronounce a wretch! Impossible!"

"As you will, my daughter. You can clear the title of Elwood by becoming Caleb's wife. Refuse to do so and we go homeless from the door. I am an old man and my fate is in your hands."

"Mr. Ellis," said Mark, whose countenance had assumed a scarlet hue, "is it possible that you would sell your daughter to that human ghoul, who knows neither pity, love nor honor? It is incredible!"

"Love, yes," groaned the old man, as he sank back into a chair. "Love for love of Kate, he will release Elwood."

"The old villain believes your son dead, Mr. Ellis! Doubtless thinks that if he can make Kate his wife, at your death Elwood will fall back into his clutches—but he shall never lead my promised bride to the altar. I am well armed."

"Oh, father!" moaned Kate, sinking on her knees at the old man's feet; "there is another way to retain Elwood!"

"No, child, there is no other way."

"Pray you, Kate," said Mark, who yet retained her hand. "Yes, Mr. Ellis, there is another way—I would yield my life to shield the girl I love from the loathsome caresses of this wretch. You do me great injustice, as you will prove, in seeking the hand of your daughter I do not seek what you prize above all things. Kate is mine, Arthur may one day receive it from your hands and free from all incumbrances. I have not been idle in the years since I left your home. I am well established in business. I can take up the mortgage, engage; but I can pay the interest and arrange for the liquidation of them. What creditor could ask more?"

"You, can do that, Mark? You?" exclaimed the old man, his voice trembling tremulously. "Why, the interest due amounts to five hundred dollars, the mortgage to five thousand."

"Caleb Marsh can have his interest in forty-eight hours. Next year I shall be a partner in a wealthy firm and the principal shall be paid. Consent, sir, and I will place your and yours it shall remain. But Kate, sir! You are not going to sacrifice her to other! Will you not give me your daughter's hand? You have known me since I was a lad—I will be true to her."

"Save Elwood? Ha! that's all I desire. The old place must not fall. Kate owes her father's home before me. Who would believe it? But Mark, can you?"

"Easily, sir, and I doubt not I could arrange to have the mortgages taken up."

"Give me your hand, boy. I have done you injustice. I love my daughter and would not see her unhappy. Arthur is the only one who has me in his power; but we cannot go penniless into the street. Look up, Kate! Mark Perry, return to the girl where you will, girl—I did not give your hand in Cyder creek! Caleb Marsh was sent for him to woo you. Tomorrow night he will be here to receive your answer. In the meantime, since the lad can make Elwood safe, I say 'God bless you both! Wed when you will!'"

"Caleb Marsh is a brute! He thought he had us in his power, but he has not. He thought he had us in his power! He knew I would prefer death to the loss of Elwood. Won't he squirm now? Curse the rave? He, with his miser's heart, loves you, Kate, and says that if I refuse to bestow your hand your slightest wish shall be satisfied; that Elwood shall remain in my name.

"Ah, lass, I could not lose the old home. But now, now mate with the one you love. I know you love him, girl, I can read the grasping Caleb. Take her, boy, take her and be happy. I'll be happy, too. Kate loves no one, that is, aside from her old broken father and her brother. Arthur should she not marry wealth?

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"Give me your hand, boy. I have done you injustice. I love my daughter and would not see her unhappy. Arthur is the only one who has me in his power; but we cannot go penniless into the street. Look up, Kate! Mark Perry, return to the girl where you will, girl—I did not give your hand in Cyder creek! Caleb Marsh was sent for him to woo you. Tomorrow night he will be here to receive your answer. In the meantime, since the lad can make Elwood safe, I say 'God bless you both! Wed when you will!'"

"Caleb Marsh is a brute! He thought he had us in his power, but he has not. He thought he had us in his power! He knew I would prefer death to the loss of Elwood. Won't he squirm now? Curse the rave? He, with his miser's heart, loves you, Kate, and says that if I refuse to bestow your hand your slightest wish shall be satisfied; that Elwood shall remain in my name.

"Ah, lass, I could not lose the old home. But now, now mate with the one you love. I know you love him, girl, I can read the grasping Caleb. Take her, boy, take her and be happy. I'll be happy, too. Kate loves no one, that is, aside from her old broken father and her brother. Arthur should she not marry wealth?

"Ah, Mr. Perry—she cannot love Mark! Why, he may have returned for the purpose of laying siege to her heart. He, too, thinks Arthur is dead, and that he becomes wooing Kate, who he thinks will inherit Elwood. A thankless task. But Kate is not for him. Better, far better wed Caleb, since they are of the same name. Yes, I must break that up at once. My daughter must become the wife of Marsh—Kate is no other name than the grandfather will not make his own flesh and blood his heirs.

"The old scoundrel! I thought that now his wicked soul was dead and at rest he knew we were reduced to poverty he might relent. Poverty? Gods, it is not to be borne.

"Kate! Kate!" called the old man loudly.

"Yes, father." Yes!" and the door opened and Kate and Mark, who had been arranging how they should make known to the farmer the fact that they had plighted their troth, hand in hand entered the room and stood before him.

The old man's face darkened as his eyes fell on their faces, happy with knowledge of their mutual love—even if somewhat confused in appearance.

"Hey! How does this mean?" he exclaimed. "So, like a bad penny you have come back, Mark Perry! You have come back! But what for? To gaze on the ruin of a home, I trow. If you had done your duty you'd have remained here and worked the farm. I might not then have become a pauper. Turn loose my girl's hand! You are too familiar."

"Sir, in all these years I have not been unmindful of your kindness to me when I was a lad. I am sorry that you regret that you have so cold a welcome for me. This roof covers that which is dearer to me than all else on earth—happy memories, and the girl I love! She has promised to become my wife dear."

"You wife! Your wife!" cried the old man, staggering to his feet. "He, ha! I see it all! You think Arthur is dead and that Kate will inherit Elwood. The farm is mortgaged to its value, boy. We are paupers. Kate will not have a shilling in the world, and I—I am a beggar! The money is due—only one course remains to keep Elwood in the family name. The mortgagee has asked the hand of my daughter in marriage. I have given my consent.

"Father! Father!" cried Kate. "You could not! I would rather die! What, marry a man I despise! One whom I have often heard you pronounce a wretch! Impossible!"

"As you will, my daughter. You can clear the title of Elwood by becoming Caleb's wife. Refuse to do so and we go homeless from the door. I am an old man and my fate is in your hands."

"Mr. Ellis," said Mark, whose countenance had assumed a scarlet hue, "is it possible that you would sell your daughter to that human ghoul, who knows neither pity, love nor honor? It is incredible!"

"Love, yes," groaned the old man, as he sank back into a chair. "Love for love of Kate, he will release Elwood."

"The old villain believes your son dead, Mr. Ellis! Doubtless thinks that if he can make Kate his wife, at your death Elwood will fall back into his clutches—but he shall never lead my promised bride to the altar. I am well armed."

"Oh, father!" moaned Kate, sinking on her knees at the old man's feet; "there is another way to retain Elwood!"

"No, child, there is no other way."

"Pray you, Kate," said Mark, who yet retained her hand. "Yes, Mr. Ellis, there is another way—I would yield my life to shield the girl I love from the loathsome caresses of this wretch. You do me great injustice, as you will prove, in seeking the hand of your daughter I do not seek what you prize above all things. Kate is mine, Arthur may one day receive it from your hands and free from all incumbrances. I have not been idle in the years since I left your home. I am well established in business. I can take up the mortgage, engage; but I can pay the interest and arrange for the liquidation of them. What creditor could ask more?"

"You, can do that, Mark? You?" exclaimed the old man, his voice trembling tremulously. "Why, the interest due amounts to five hundred dollars, the mortgage to five thousand."

"Caleb Marsh can have his interest in forty-eight hours. Next year I shall be a partner in a wealthy firm and the principal shall be paid. Consent, sir, and I will place your and yours it shall remain. But Kate, sir! You are not going to sacrifice her to other! Will you not give me your daughter's hand? You have known me since I was a lad—I will be true to her."

"Save Elwood? Ha! that's all I desire. The old place must not fall. Kate owes her father's home before me. Who would believe it? But Mark, can you?"

"Easily, sir, and I doubt not I could arrange to have the mortgages taken up."

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"Father! Father!" cried Kate. "You

longer when I shall be able to take them up.

A very peculiar look glittered from Caleb's cold, gray eyes as he quickly said: "I thought I was understood. The interest is a small sum—the mortgages are due! I demand both principal and interest!"

"Surely, Caleb, surely," said Mr. Ellis, "if the interest is paid in full, you will extend the mortgages."

"Not a day, neighbor—not a day! I gave you my ultimatum on yesterday. Elwood is going to wreck! My mortgages are due. If I must take the farm, I want it now. Procrastination, you know, is the thief of time, and there is none to waste with me. I must have every dollar due and before the fifteenth or I shall foreclose."

"But, Mr. Marsh——"

"No 'buts' about it, Mark Perry! I am a straightforward business man. Abner and his daughter have ignored my proposition. It's my money now, or the farm!"

"Oh, Mr. Marsh!" cried Kate, "will nothing move you to grant further time. If Mark did not have a penny to pay the principal do you suppose he would pay the interest?"

"My dear young lady," replied Caleb, obsequiously, "your pretty face caused me to time to forget that I was Caleb Marsh, the man who the neighbors say never lets an opportunity go by to put dollars in his pockets. Now, I am Caleb Marsh again! You all know Caleb. Probably the young man has not accumulated sufficient funds to meet the mortgages. If so, he had best retain his five hundred dollars—it will do to furnish a cottage with when you become his wife."

"I—I hardly know," began Farmer Ellis.

Mark's face was very white, but he controlled his rage as best he could. He knew how useless it would be to give way to it. "Do not worry, Mr. Ellis," he said; "my good dear Kate. Since the money must be raised, Kate shall have it and before the fifteenth you shall be freed from his clutches."

"Thank you, young man! No one need fear my clutches who pays me my dues—but perhaps you will inform me how you are going to manage it?"

"That is my business, Caleb Marsh. The money must be paid. I am connected with a Chicago firm that finds it difficult to lay their shoulders to the wheel vigorously. The security here is such that they will not hesitate to accommodate me, I think. Never fear! You shall have your money!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Marsh.

"You hear the lad, Caleb. I shall be glad to be freed from your clutches. You're a hard man and a mighty mean one, too. You have got me shaking with the palsy again. You can't have Elwood. You can't have my daughter's self. I want nothing more to do with you."

"That's what I get for having befriended you all these years! That is gratitude!"

"Befriended me! Befriended!" exclaimed the old man. "Every man in Lundy County knows how you befriend people. You stick to a man like a leech—until his last dollar is gone and then——"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, you have the sheriff place you in possession of his home, as you would now, if stepping away from you, Marsh, thank God, slipping away!"

"Why, neighbor, it's you that are hard. I only want my dues. I am glad all can be settled so easily and that the young man has wealthy friends. You see, I am pushed for ready money. I wish you all success and joy and happiness. Come, what can I do? I have no feeling in this matter—not the least."

"Oh, you are an angel, Marsh!"

"I've missed one for you, neighbor, but I bear no malice. There's nothing more to be said or done! The money must be paid before the fifteenth—that's all. Good night!"

"Good night, Caleb Marsh!"

"Ain't you going to say 'good night,' Miss Kate?"

But Kate, who sat there almost overcome at thought of the narrow escape she had had from the meshes of the money lender and who had been inwardly praying that the interview might soon end, replied:

"I shall never forget the honor you would have conferred on me—good night, sir."

"I reckon you never will, dear," remarked her father, as Caleb passed out the door, followed by Mark.

"Mighty glad the way matters are terminating, Mark—mighty glad! Don't think hard of me about what's the girl—I did want her—no mistake about that. And I was willing to do just what you intend to do—relieve the old man of the burden that 'leans over him for her sake."

"Whether or not miss Ellis was to become my bride, sir, my course would have been the same," said Mark. "I owe my education to my old benefactor."

"Yes; but it didn't stand to reason. At any rate, had you been unable to meet my mortgages she would never become your wife."

"She was my promised bride, sir, before we were aware of your intent to dispossess her father unless she became your wife."

"You'd have never got her. Never! Abner would not have consented. The girl would have married me sooner than see her father become a public charge. Yes, indeed! You arrived here just in time to rob me of a charming bride—but I don't think hard of you—don't believe you. I reckon I am too old for the girl, anyway, but I'd have been good to her.

"You know my nature, boy! I'm a just man, I will say that for me. I'm called a mean man—a heartless man. I am not one—I am simply a careful business man. I owe no one a cent, and I don't intend that any man shall owe me one a single day after it's due, if I can collect it. You have taken a load off my shoulders, boy. I'd mightily hate to foreclose against my old neighbor. You have saved me the trouble, or at least will. Now remember—before the fifteenth! You know where to find me?"

"Yes, never fear, your money shall be in your hands before that day!"

"Well, God bless you, boy! Don't think hard of me. I may seem hard to you, but I can't go 'gainst my nature. I admire your pluck and energy. You have made money! I'm a friend of all parties concerned. Good night!" and Caleb strode forth into the darkness.

Mark's "Good night, sir," followed him and as he closed and locked the door, he muttered to himself: "Of all the incomprehensible individuals with whom I ever came in contact Caleb Marsh takes the lead."

"Gone," has he?" asked Farmer Ellis, when Mark re-entered the room. "Well, good riddance to him. He took it more kindly than I expected he would, though. I'm glad he went home, vowing himself a friend of all parties concerned."

"He has acted like one," said Kate; "the cunning villain."

"There, there, daughter—never mind him! He gave up your hand with a good grace."

"He did not have it to give up, papa."

"No, but only for Mark, he would have won. You couldn't have seen Elwood go from the family name and your old father to the poor house."

"Oh, father! I am glad the test did not come. I would have died, I think, to become the wife of that horrid ogre. And now I am happy! Mark—dear Mark!"

"Will shield you with his life, sweet one! Let Caleb and his wiles go."

"Yes," Kate observed Mr. Ellis, "so that you make no failure, Mark—but are you sure?"

"Oh, yes; there can be no doubt about that. I enjoy the full confidence of the firm. I would not have left the city until will be glad of an opportunity to relieve Caleb Marsh of his mortgages. I shall run into the city tomorrow and make all necessary arrangements. I will be back in time by twelfth, never fear. We must look around and find some good farmer to put in charge of the land, rented to Elwood. You can stay up again. We must make Elwood what it was when I was a boy."

"That's the idea, Mark; the very idea! Elwood and I will come to be brothers! Hurrah for Elwood! You have saved us, boy, and now since you are going to the city you had better go and had best retire early. I can sleep tonight."

"Must you go, Mark?"

"Yes, dear Kate, and I shall go with a happy heart, for when I return I shall pay my debt to your dear old father and claim the hand of the little girl I once trundled on my knee. Good night!"

Tears sprang to the eyes of the farmer's daughter as Mark kissed her in his fervor, and for a moment her head lay pillowed upon his shoulder, while she whispered in his ear the words: "Mark, I love you."

"To the devil with Caleb Marsh!" exclaimed the farmer. "We are young days come back again. God bless you both. Now, there are even tears in my old eyes. Good night."

A half-hour later the lights were dimmed in the farmhouse, and the occupants were not in the land of dreams.

Kate, kneeling at her bedside, was thanking her Maker that she had been saved from a fearful ordeal.

Mark lay wide in darkness, conjuring up the features of the girl he loved and a happy smile played upon his handsome face.

"Kate—my Kate," escaped them.

The old farmer, who had also retired, lay picturing to himself what Elwood would be two years hence: "Every acre well tilled, every field re-fenced, buildings painted and repaired, mortgages paid—and I ready to transmit to my son-in-law the planter's returns! Oh, he will have returned long before that time arrives! Yes, and he will find his sister the bride of the man she loves. Thank God, the sacrifice was not necessary! And Caleb Marsh will be compelled to pay for Elwood.

"I love the old place! I could not live without it. Elwood! Elwood! The name seems written on the very walls! Returned, harrah for Elwood! It's mine, mine and Caleb Marsh has failed!"

This romantic story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not miss the pleasure and instruction of reading it to the end. If you are not already taking the Ledger regularly or if your subscription has expired, we strongly advise you to subscribe at once and get the balance of this fine story, as well as numerous good and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in this best of all story papers. If the reader would like our splendid cameras free, or if you would like six standard patterns without cost, simply note the announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

About to Blow Himself.

WHAT HE TOLD HER.

If your sweet face were not so sweet,
But homely as could be,
Then homeliness would be a treat
Beyond all words to me.
And if your form were warped and bent
As it is full of grace,
I'd like it to a greater extent
As I would like your face.

If your bright eyes were all asquint,
Your mouth would be my choice,
And were your hair a mousy tint,
I'd like it more and more.
Were you quite angular and thin,
Instead of round and plump,
I would admire your bone and skin—
I'm just taking notice.

I would not care how you might look,
If still be fond and true,
And not like best the face you took
As long as you were you.
Such little things as these, I say
In you with perfect ease,
I like to do it—and they're
I believe 'em, if you please.

What Young Mr. Duncan Wanted.

BY MAX ADELER.

The other day, when the Reverend Doctor Potts was sitting in his study, a small boy entered and announced himself as Jimmy Duncan, a scholar in the Sunday school. When the doctor asked him what he wanted, he said:

"Doctor, I've been thinking I'd like to do something to earn a living, and I came round to see if you could tell me how to go about it. They're awful poor at home, and I thought maybe I could help make some money to help mother get some clothes and things. So, if you could give me some advice, I'd be much obliged."

"You're a noble boy, James. Your love for your mother is beautiful. I see how that the lessons you have received in the Sunday school have sunk deep into your heart."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"And what kind of business would you like to go into, my man?—a grocery store, or a drug store—or would you prefer to study a lawyer's office, and learn to be a lawyer?"

"I don't care for any of them, sir. I want to make money fast, and I thought I could like to be a pirate, sir."

"Wh-wh-what d'you say? A pirate?"

"Yes, sir; and I want to know if you know anybody that can give me introduction to some responsible pirate, recommending me as one that's a good deal about the business, and I know I'll like it; so, if you know any good pirate who'd feel like taking me, I'd be glad to make myself useful to him."

"Why, I am amazed to hear you talk in such a manner. Do you know what the business of a pirate consists of?"

"Yes, sir, of course. He gets on a ship and goes booming around over the ocean, and when he sees another ship he ketches her, and hauls out the passengers, and makes 'em walk a plank, and chucks them overboard; and then he goes through their baggage after money, and jewelry, and watches. I'd like to do it—it'll be such a big thing for mother and the girls when I get back with diamond studdes, and earrings, and things, and I know I kin cut the prisoners throats, for, although I'm little, I've always had a powerful strong knife, so's I kin reach up. Look at that, now! Ain't that a dandy of a knife? I have—ain't it, now?"

"James, I was never so shocked in my life! A boy brough up in my own Sunday school! Are you aware that you would be shut out forever from heaven for the truths you have learned there; are you aware——"

"I dunno," said Jimmy; "I s'pose pirates have Sunday schools, and family prayers on the ships, don't they? Anyway, I could show 'em how to have 'em. And if I can be a pirate, and Mr. Duncan, the others wouldn't agree to hold 'em, do you know what I'd do? Why, I'd tie 'em to cannons, and fire 'em off, and let 'em rags all over the water. That's the way I'd serve any pirate that wouldn't have prayers, or the religious services; and I'd have a minister on board, I tell you. Doctor Potts, you'd just have to come to the front for the men, while the rest of us kill the people we ketched."

"This is the most extraordinary occurrence of my whole life!" exclaimed the doctor, in astonishment.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid. I'll protect you with my knife, and I'll tell you what, Doctor, you and me might make a little money selling the dead bodies. The doctors up at the hospital buy 'em, and Mr. Magnin, the coroner, I know'd be willing to pay to have a corpse or two thrown around in some out of the way place for him to set on, and then any that was left over we could sell down for their fun, and p'haps we might get something for the bones. It's a big stroke of luck for a scand'lous waste to heave those bodies overboard and let 'em float off for the fishes to eat, isn't it?"

"Well, upon my word," said the doctor, "this is the most depraved boy I ever expected to encounter in a merc child!"

"And then I was thinking that after we'd got a few thousand of money and diamonds, and so on, maybe you and me might lay around some night, and when all the other pirates was asleep we could go around and stab 'em and take their share of the plunder; and then we could get a keg of powder and blow the old ship up and row home in a boat; and when the people asked us where we got all that money, we could lie about it, and tell 'em that we'd been speculating in stocks, or something like that. And then we could live happily ever afterward. Now, would you be willing to go into this thing with me, Doctor, for halves?"

"You are certainly crazy!"

"Very well, then; I kin go it alone, it you'll give me a letter to some respectable pirate who wants a boy. Please mention about this knife, and say that I kin hit the jugular vein every time and am willing to kill babies while he cuts up the old people."

"You are an infamous young scoundrel, sir!" exclaimed the doctor. "Leave the room this instant, or I'll have you sent to jail!"

"What! won't help a poor boy to start in the world. Won't help one of your own scholars! Oh, very well, then; I'll go and get the Baptist minister to do it. And, mind you, the first time I ketch you sailing out anywhere in a boat, I'll stab you the first thing."

Then Mr. Duncan withdrew, and the doctor began to think of a plan for making the Sunday school more efficient.

Barred by the Office Boy.

In these days of general strenuousness business men are in many cases too busy to be bothered by everybody who may feel like dropping in to visit or to ask favors or to try to promote schemes that have no merits. Consequently it has become common for bankers, lawyers, editors, merchants and the officials of big corporations to take refuge in subterfuges by which visitors can be admitted only after they have got in front of printed or written notices upon blanks provided for the purpose and stating the nature of their desires.

A Chicago man who possesses humorous tendencies had occasion to call on another man who is president of a large manufacturing concern. The two men are neighbors and consequently see each other, but seldom come in contact with each other in their business pursuits. When the humorous man reached the latter's office he was asked by an officious youngster what he was after.

"Is Mr. Richards here?"

"What name?"

"Richards. I believe he is connected in some manner with this concern."

"What wish your errand?"

"O, mine? Let's see whether I have a card? Never mind. Tell him Mr. Leonard wants to see him."

"What is your business?"

"I haven't got any yet."

"I mean why do you wish to see Mr. Richards?"

"I don't wish to see him. I'm here not from choice, but of necessity."

"Then you'll have to state your business with Mr. Richards or I can't let you in."

"Very well. You go in there and tell Mr. Richards that Mr. Leonard is here, and ask him whether I can borrow the loonies he owes me, or not. And, if I haven't time to wait around any longer, And I probably will, I'll send a receipt in."

The office boy backed into his employer's private office, keeping his eyes fastened on the visitor, and having closed the door, he excitedly said:

"Mr. Richards, there's a crazy man out there who wants to see you. Shall I ring for the police? He says his name is Bill Leonard, sir."

"Never mind. Let him in. I think I can pacify him."

When Richards and Leonard went out, a few minutes later, the office boy, the janitor and the porter of the building, and the scrubwoman watched them anxiously as they crossed the hall way from the elevator, and it seemed to be a matter of general surprise that the head of the establishment was still wearing his own overcoat.

Taking It Easy.

One December day last year I stopped at a district schoolhouse on Long Island to make some inquiries of the teacher, and I found the building on some grounds and a dozen scholars playing around outdoors. In reply to my queries she explained:

"The school board has some little misunderstanding between themselves, and until it is settled we are having an easy day."

"Is the misunderstanding serious?" I asked.

"Not so very. I taught the children that the Island of Jamaica was in the Caribbean Sea, and the trustees have an idea that it's in the Caspian. He has gone up to Brooklyn to find out. I taught the children that the earth revolved on its axis once in twenty-four hours. One of the trustees thinks I am an hour off. She's gone up to Brooklyn to see about it. I taught the children that the Amazon River is the largest river in America. Another director thinks it's in China, and has gone up to Brooklyn to see about it."

"And you are letting things go while they satisfy themselves?"

"Yes. I've got in to teach the children during the interval that if a farmer sold two cows for $30 apiece and two sheep for $1 each, he got $62 in all for what he sold, but a tin peddler came along and refused to let me get into any trouble while waiting, and so we are holding a sort of picnic. You keep right on this road to get to Jaybrook."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Margie after her first week at school said to her mother: "Mamma, do I know as much as I ever don't know?"

Sunday School Teacher—Some little boys are good and some others are bad. What kind go to Heaven?

Small Johnny—Dead ones.

Willie—This paper says another octogenarian is dead. What's an octogenarian, anyway?

Phoebe—I don't know, but they must be awfully sickly. They are nearly always dying.

Mabel (aged 6)—Ain't you afraid of our big dog?

The Parson (very thin)—No, dear. He wouldn't make much of a meal off me.

Mabel—Oh, but he likes bones best.

By WILLIAM H. MANNING.

THE TREASURE BEARERS;

Or, THE HAWK OF THE FURLAKD.

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Begun in No. 39, May 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.
THE NIGHT ALARM.

Among threatening rocks and boiling waters the boat went its way. Severn remained as unshaken as the towering banks of the river, and his judgment and skill were never at fault. They passed close to obstructions that yawned for victims, but there was no collision. Neither did Peter Kerwyg do any harm. Deven flashed the boat and soon reached the calmer level below.

Alexis Michel followed with his own craft, and all the voyageurs were ready for camp.

They landed, the boats were made fast to the shore, wood was quickly secured, the fires started and the camp was a thing of fact. Supper was prepared and eaten, after which all hands gathered around the cheerful blaze.

A better place for a camp it would have been hard to select. It was on a grassy level which, rising a few feet above the stream, lined the bank like a thread or green. Below, the waters, still influenced by the rapids, flowed checkered with foam. Across the channel rose high walls of rock, crowned with trees. Back of the camp, too, the ground rose high, but with a steady ascent much like the roof of a house, and this was thickly grown with pines. These were low nearest at hand, but increasing in height with the distance, they were towering giants at the upper level, and a smooth retreating wall of green was thus made.

Half a dozen fires had been lighted, and as the wood was dried pine, they burned strongly and the flames mounted far aloft. From this fire, reflected as it was on surrounding objects, a wild and beautiful medley of color proceeded, with many shades of red and yellow mixed with the black of rocks and the white of the foam on the stream. And this had its counterfeit in the gay colors worn by the swarthy voyageurs who reclined by the fires.

Romance had its place at the camp of the night; the animate and the inanimate, the famed and the untamed had lain down together, and the picturesque kept them company like an attendant genius.

The toils and cares of the day were in a measure relaxed and forgotten, and the laughter, jests and banter of the voyageurs rose like the smoke of tobacco and harvest from their pipes.

Peter Korway was a noticeable feature of the occasion. He had come to Severn with a commonplace request for information, and after getting it, he lingered by the Oakleys' fire. He sat a little back of the main group, making use of the bank, and there he lingered and did part of the jesting and laughing.

Peter Korway! The partisan wished that he knew positively that there was such a man in the salmde. Surveying the self-styled merchant now, he recalled that neither he nor Helen knew Jason Bardell by sight; that they only knew he was a tall, dark-skinned individual.

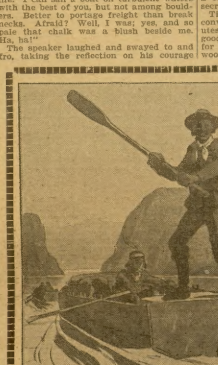
Remembering the envelope found at Thunder Bay, Roger looked long and hard at Peter. He was tall and dark of complexion. His appearance raised serious thoughts. More than that, he did not please Severn. Peter, sitting there and scoffing in a peculiar, would-be genial fashion, reminded him, with his cloak and rakishly-inclined hat, of a hawk who perched and watched for prey.

Near Peter sat his servant, John Donnan, a little man addicted to silence, but whose face was sharp and crafty.

One of the Express voyageurs drifted to the Oakley fire and rallied Korway on his timidity when running the rapids. Roger doubted that the timidity was genuine, but said nothing.

"Granted!" replied Peter with a laugh. "A race is all right, but I like something safer than burning rocks that covet my life. I can sail a boat on turbulent waters with the best of you, but not among boulders. Better to portage freight than break necks. Afraid? Well, I was; yes, and so was that chalk was a blush beside me. Ha, ha!"

The speaker laughed and swayed to and fro, taking the reflection on his courage



"Keep off or take it."

without resentment, and seeming to enjoy it.

"You need an Indian cross to thicken your blood," said Louis Gouin, one of Roger's men.

"But not Sioux blood," added another man.

All eyes were suddenly shifted. They turned upon another of Severn's voyageurs. He was Lazare Colot, understood to be muscular, supple and courageous man. Lazare was often the subject of banter, and this was rarely good humored.

Now he shrugged his shoulders and remained silent.

"Good blood," said Tiery Carrel of the Oakley brigade; "must be Cree, Chippewa or Assiniboine, not a low-down strain."

Several voices rang in unison, their owners hastening to claim one or more of the ancestries named.

"Yes, yes!" added Carrel. "Cree and Assiniboine are all right. So is Chippewa. Anything but Sioux."

All this talk was leveled at Lazare. He knew this, but born to a high degree of composure, albeit his black eyes had an unpleasant glitter. Now, he made a quick retort.

"If you do not like Sioux blood, and if black hair was like so many vices and sins, Cree, Assiniboines and Chippewas go to war with them!"

David Ridley smiled slightly, for he knew the prowess of the unconquered Sioux warriors; but the partisan, on a familiar subject, were ready with an inconsequential reply. He was an old amusement to vex Lazare Colot.

He was three-quarters Indian, and his black hair was like so many wires and his eyes of ink-like darkness. Swarthy even among swarthy men, his expression was grim and forbidding, and his manners in keeping, as his comrades thought.

Perhaps the trouble originally came from the fact that Lazare was less ready with joke and laugh than the rest, but the additional fact that he never told what species of Indian blood was in his veins was a further incentive to dislike. So they called him "Sioux," because all Chippewas hated that conquering people. Lazare admitted nothing and denied nothing.

The most unpopular man in the Oakley boats, yet Roger had never seen cause to turn against him.

He could pull an oar with the best of his craft; he could haul lustily at a tracking-line and pack the heaviest inland piece with ease, and, as yet, his obedience had never flagged.

Whatever his blood, he was a model boatman, and Severn asked no more. And the banter of his comrades always stopped at a certain point, for not one of them but secretly feared the athletic "Sioux."

Tiring of this amusement, at last, other conversation took its place, and the minutes were on. David, bent on promoting good will, presently asked the voyageurs for a few songs. They complied, and the woods rang with their chansons, some wild and stirring, some subdued and pathetic, and some tender and sentimental, but all colored by the emotions and full of strange melody.

It was a fit accompaniment to the picturesque surroundings at Chocolozie.

After a time all members of the brigade went to their blankets, but the fire continued to burn, and the medley of lights still fell on wood and water, darkened sky and recumbent men.

An hour passed. Two hours and more followed. The fires were burning low, and the circle of light was contracting. The blanketed forms showed less distinctly, and the varied colors of the earlier hours faded away into dull yellow and dusky gloom.

One thing suffered no change. Chocolozie Rapids roared its waters down the rocky way, and its gurgle and splash went on forever. Below the rapids, the water, tossed into foam, appeared to hesitate and seek to regain its composure. Its cap of white dwindled with distance until it disappeared in total blackness.

There, all was stillness, serenity and uninterrupted flow. Stay!—was all so calm and undisturbed?

A ripple of the water, a slight check to the current, the rising of a dark shape that looked like a log, and then—but the current, along the bank, and others followed. These creatures of the night were among the boats. Allen hands were laid on the craft and alien eyes feasted on the cargoes.

Through the gloom and the shadows that fell from the tree-tops, men walked in the shallows of the stream and peered here and there. The boats had the longer attention, but often swift glances were sent up the bank.

The voyageurs slept on peacefully.

Still moved the figures in the stream, and some of the boats began to strain at their painters in a new fashion. And no wonder, for human hands were at work there, and human fingers were meddling with the securing lines. Presently, too, these boats began to move perceptibly. A wider space appeared between them and the shore, and, though profound silence continued, they went faster than the natural drift of the current.

Then the stillness was broken. From the bank the barking of a dog rose in angry accents. Out of the shadow near his master where he had lain in peaceful dreams Barbe flashed forward, fierce and belligerent of manner, his whole being thrilling with hostility.

The camp was aroused; the men bounded out of their blankets.

Roger Severn was one of the first to gain his feet. He stood still for a moment, his gaze darting inquisitively here and there, and he saw the changed position of the boats and the dark shadows that hovered over them.

"Oakleys to the rescue!" he shouted. "Thieves! Fellow, voyageurs!"

He ran to the bank and plunged into the water.

By that time the course of the prowlers was changed. Realizing that secrecy was no longer possible, they bent every nerve and muscle to the task and forced the cut-out boats rapidly toward the farther bank.

Severn came after in heedless pursuit.

CHAPTER VI.
THE FIGHT FOR THE BOATS.

The camp was now a scene of activity. Men were running to and fro, but most of them headed for the river, and when they arrived they found that the many great fishes, Splash, splash!—the water opened, it closed, and it had them. Then stood Severn in the water, and the gallant fellows were after the thieves, swimming like things to whom fins etc. had been born.

Roger Severn had easily singled out one of the escaping boats as his own craft, and he was after it as fast as he could cut the water. Two of the men were in the inside and using oars, but it was not easy to handle a craft requiring delicate work with a strong stream to contend with every minute.

The partisan gained; he drew near; he reached the boat.

"Overboard with you!" he shouted.

The foremost thief stood up and poised an oar.

"Keep off or take it!" he cried belligerently.

Roger grasped the side of the boat and half-raised himself. The oar fell with a fierce stroke. The partisan writhed to one side and the weapon cut only water. Worse than that, for its wielder, the futile blow destroyed his balance and he reached forward. Another moment and Severn's hold was on his wrist, and with a quick jerk he pulled the fellow into the stream, where Barbe took a grip on his throat.

The victor swung himself into the boat.

The second thief had abandoned rowing and was armed with an oar. He took a step toward Roger, and danger was in his attitude, but the fur man saw more than he. A voyageur was climbing into the craft behind them, and the danger was not all on one side.

The oar was still poised and its holder full of courage, but sudden strong arms were flung around him from the rear. He bounded, writhed and tried to turn, but Severn went to his man's aid and they soon had a helpless prisoner.

"Well done, Peter," commended Roger.

"He's yours to kill or cure!" chuckled the voyageur.

"We will tie, if not cure. Hold him fast."

Severn caught up a rope and the man was soon securely bound.

The river was a scene of activity, with two boats afloat and numerous swimmers moving here and there, but the struggle was over at all points. The rescues were in full flight, and as most of them had a good start, they were permitted to go without pursuit. One prisoner was the result of the affray.

The cut-out boats were taken back to their places.

The partisan of the Express brought a brand from the fire and looked at the prisoner. He was a tall, athletic Indian, but both his person and his clothing were dirty and uninviting.

"A Chippewa vagabond!" commented the Express leader. "He is yours, Severn; do with him as you will."

Roger did not demur. The Oakley boat so nearly lost had contained the treasure, and he was not disposed to let the matter free without investigation. Had the thieves known what cargo they carried?

The Indian was taken to the fire, fresh fuel was thrown on, and he stood in the glare of a strong light. With all his dirt he was not insignificant picture then. He held his head erect and his dark eyes gleamed vindictively. Misfortune had only aroused his ferocity.

Roger looked him over and then broke the silence.

"Who said he, curtly, "you seem to have come to grief."

The Chippewa returned his gaze and made no reply.

"Who are you?" pursued the questioner.

Still no answer if I wished otherwise," was the disdainful response, "but I am willing you should to say that I am White Wolf."

"Were you chief of your party?"

"No."

"Who was?"

"I will not give his name—when you get him!"

"I am asking you, and I have you. What made you want them?"

"Pemmican, blankets, tobacco, tea and other things."

The reply provoked more than one smile. These wants were constant with the lazy, wandering Indians of the region, and neither the need nor the attack was unheard of by the voyageurs. Severn gave his attention to a deeper subject, but, though this man was doubtless a confirmed liar at most times, there was now an air of candor about him. He spoke like one who told the truth because he felt no fear and much of contempt for the power of his captors.

(Continued on page six.)

FEEDING FOR HEALTH

Directions by a Food Expert.

A complete change in food makes a complete change in the body. Therefore if you are ailing in any way, the surest road back to health is to change your diet, and if you followed breakfast for ten days and mark the result:

Two soft boiled eggs. (If you have a weak stomach, boil the eggs as follows: put two eggs into a pint tin cup of boiling water, cover and set off the stove. Take out in nine minutes; the whites will be the consistency of cream and partly digested. Don't change the directions in any particular.) some fruit, cooked or raw; cooked preferred, a slice of toast, a little butter, four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with some cream, a cup of properly boiled Postum Food Coffee.

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For dinner in the evening use meat and one or two vegetables. Leave out the fancy desserts. Never over-eat. Better a little less than too much.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada, $1.50 a year.
ADVERTISING.
Advertising rate $1.50 per Agate Line per insertion, for rates (inclusive) in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.
Entered at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

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White Taft is not saying a word his boom is making enough noise for two.

President Roosevelt manages to hold some good cards in his hand whenever he is called.

People of the State outside of Chicago want home options. They ought to know what they want.

Now that the Corey-Gilman wedding is over, the earth will resume its normal and regular rotation upon its axis.

If Wisconsin cannot find a suitable Senator it is at liberty to draw on Chicago, as Kansas did when it wanted a candidate for Governor.

While the Jamestown Exposition may be financially a success, it is due to the original Jamestown to say that it was "hushed" long ago.

John Temple Graves wants to make the next nomination and election of Roosevelt unanimous. It can be done. The Socialists are sure to nominate a candidate.

There are 193 clocks in Pennsylvania's new $13,000,000 statehouse. They were probably put in for the purpose of enabling the grafters to avoid working overtime.

Spain is strongly tempted to spend $77,-000,000 in building a new navy. Evidently its faith in the peace conference is not sufficiently powerful to overcome its fears.

At least it can be said for Pocahontas, the heroine of Jamestown, that she never played bridge whist when she ought to have been minding naked dog for dinner.

It seems sad that of the many fine games that St. Louis, the tailender of the American League, has won the unconquered Chicago White Sox should have contributed two.

Tom Johnson has discovered that if he gives Cleveland a 3-cent fare it will be the work of one man for a lifetime, and even then he may have to will the job to a worthy successor.

A New York heiress has fled to Europe "to escape from titled fortune hunters." If she had on a bathing suit and it began to rain she would probably jump into the sea to avoid getting wet.

When the President says he would be "bitterly disgraced" if he should accept a third term he puts the everlasting kibosh on the third term idea. In matters pertaining to history the President is an expert.

It must be said for the men who selected sites in the North for our great cities that they had no means of knowing that the shortness of our summers up here would so seriously interfere with the baseball schedules.

In New York the baseball season opened with a rot, owing to the fact that the visiting team won. The people of New York continue to believe that their town is the United States and should be permitted to claim everything.

The Treasure Bearers.

[Continued from Page Five.]

"Do you know the penalty of theft from a brigade?" pursued Roger.

"Death, whipping or much talk."

Again his frankness was impressive, but the partisan had more to say. He proceeded, and White Wolf stated that he was one of a party who, journeying past, had seized the chance to make an attempt on the stores of the brigade, and by subsequent talk brought out nothing more.

The composure of the Indian never wavered. Usually keeping his gaze fixed boldly and defiantly on Severn's face, he now and then glanced around at the other men. Once, he chanced to look toward the higher ground. Peter Korway stood there, cocked and hawk-like. The Chippewa's wandering regard paused and remained fixed. Peter made a slight motion and then turned his head away. When the prisoner next looked in that direction Peter was not there.

Roger finally finished his inquisition, but he remained somewhat in his former course. As far as he could see, all things indicated that White Wolf and his associates were no more than vagabond, wandering, half-armed Indians, who had seized a chance to try for plunder just as the captive had said. Ordinarily he would not have doubted this, but the fortune at stake and sand pounds at stake, he could not afford to be hasty in judgment.

Leaving the Chippewa for a time he consulted with Alexis Milcet. The lieutenant regarded the scene with displeasure, and seemed surprised that so much attention was being given to it.

Korway approached the two leaders.

"Are you going to kill him?" he asked.

"Sir," retorted Severn, "I do not kill prisoners."

"Just what I thought you would answer, and I realize the justice and honor of your decision, but meanwhile the fortune is going out in some way. If you want to flog him I will cheerfully cut twigs for his unwashed back."

"He is not to be flogged—"

"Well, then," said Korway laughing, "only one punishment remains. He must be washed!"

"No doubt he would be paid for so," but I will let him do his own washing or go as he is."

Severn turned away abruptly and again faced his captive. He was in a dilemma. The shadow of the gallows hung over him, and his obligations as its guardian made him see peril in the prisoner's unbound bond. Was it all chance that his own boat had been one of the two so nearly stolen from the brigade? Did White Wolf's party know of the treasure?

He looked up and met White Wolf's gaze. The sharp, black eyes returned his scrutiny calmly, but the cold nothing definite. Courage was no crime.

The partisan drew his knife and cut the bonds.

"Go!" he directed briefly.

The Indian made a gesture which was not without dignity, wheeled and walked slowly down the canoe. Severn demurred. The dog, still wet from his plunge in the river, was reluctant to see the prisoner depart. He whined, looked at his master, but, meeting no encouraging return, presently lay down with a look of peaceful slumber.

The camp resumed its old quiet, and, with guards posted, the main body of the voyageurs resumed their interrupted sleep.

Hot an hour later a man who had been lying at the farther side of the camp rose quietly from his blanket and crept noiselessly away into the darkness. Another half hour and he returned, again sought his blanket and lay still.

This man was Peter Korway.

The next morning the brigade resumed their way. Rivers were threaded, lakes crossed and portages made. Nothing occurred to make the guardians of the treasure think that its presence was known. The skill and hardihood of the voyageurs were beyond criticism.

Korway was friendly but never obtrusive. At the night's campfire he frequently rejoined the Oakley party, and now and then he was seen when a hard detour was to be made. At the portage below Lake Windegoostigon, and at Deux Rivieres Portage, he laughingly tried his skill at packing pieces on his back, but with so much awkwardness that the unanswered comment in which he heartily joined. Indeed, Peter seemed to particularly please the voyageurs in appreciation of humor.

Still, he did not gain in the estimation of Roger, and when the brigade, after the tones still rang false, his mirth was harsh and unnaturally, and his attempts at good fellowship touched no responsive chord within their own hearts. And their doubts never slept.

In due time the brigades reached Fort Francois, at the mouth of the Winnipeg, on Rainy Lake, and receiving the usual hearty welcome, stopped there for the night.

In the evening Helen walked outside the palisades and toward where the wide waters of Rainy River began. An adjacent ledge with a far-sounding roar. She went without Roger or Korway, but accompanied by Barbe, who had become devoted to her. Since the day of the attack, long experience in her assumed character had given her to feel confidence in her masculine garments. The disguise remained unsuspected by all.

As she neared the falls, however, she now saw that which checked her steps. A group of men were there. The falls deadened other sounds, but the men had quickly come to her that there was trouble among them. Some of the party moved restlessly, unusual gestures were made, and she thought that a quarrel was under way.

More, as she continued to look, she decided that a single man was being harassed by the others, and in danger of physical harm.

Suddenly there was a forward surge of the larger party, the single man was seized and, despite his stubborn struggles, hustled to the edge of the falls. One moment he was held there, then he was flung forward and lost to sight.

Helen uttered a cry of horror. The water leaped the ledge in vast volume and fell with great force over twenty feet below. It did not seem possible that any human being could survive such a descent.

She forgot all but the call of humanity. Drawing her pistol she ran swiftly forward.

She was quickly seen, and the lawless strangers as quickly seized on their discovery. As if moved by one mind they wheeled and ran away.

She heeded them no further. She hastened to the edge of the falls; she knelt on the verge. To the natural darkness was added a cloud of spray, and her gaze was for a moment baffled. Presently she saw clearer.

Framed in the mist, a face was upturned. A man was clinging to some projection he had chanced to lay hold of as he fell.

It was a desperate situation, for his grasp could not long be maintained, and despair fell upon Helen. Turning, she fled toward the camp. Nobody but Roger was visible. Realizing that, even if she called toward the camp her strength was insufficient to raised him, she started to run to the fort, but nearly fell over something.

The nature of the obstacle, as vaguely revealed, caused her to stop, for it more forcefully. It was a hatet. Hope flashed upon her. Lifting it, she boldly made out over the fast to a convenient rock; then, turning to the edge, dropped the other end to the unknown.

He promptly lay hold of it. Would his powers prove equal to the necessities of the occasion?

CHAPTER VII.
DANGEROUSLY BESET.

The unknown swayed widely back and forth as Helen watched. Then she saw with relief that he was ascending steadily. Hardened hands were doing their work. His head soon appeared at the level. She gave her hand in help and he drew himself to the plane of safety. He stood erect, wavered a moment, and then mastered all weakness and became in his voice over his adventure. A moment they looked at each other, then Helen had a surprise.

"Why, you're acclaimed 'you'!"

He plucked off the red handkerchief that still clung to his head, bowed low and before her.

"I am I," he replied; "Lazare Colot of the brigade!"

Colot's voice held animation. "To fall there would have been death; "the rocks are there ground out my life. You saved me. You gave me back my life."

He clasped her hand and raised it halfway to his lips, then let a fall abruptly. But he bowed low before her again.

"I am all gratitude," he replied, "that I have been able to help you."

"I thank you, Isaac Campbell; yes, I thank you."

"Why did those men attack you?"

"They are not of the brigade, Mam'selle. Maybe the same we saw at Chocolovie, though I hope not. He whined, looked at me because I was but one man. They are fruty cowards, scum, dogs."

"I will not refuse to pay off the grudge?" she asked, alarmed lest he should precipitate trouble that might react on the brigade.

"Not I!" was the ready answer. "I was not lured to hawk's meddling. Leave it to the fort. It may save us both from further violence."

He cast a glance in the direction his late assailants had gone, and Helen so clearly realized the wisdom of the advice that she moved away at once. Both re-entered the palisade.

In the morning the turbulent Chippewas were not to be seen.

The voyageurs left Fort Frances at the usual early hour, the passage of Rainy River was begun. That night they camped at Long-Sault Rapids. The next day they would proceed to the mouth of the river, but, to avoid halting on the spacious marshy land, they proceeded on the Lake of the Woods to an island suitable to their needs was reached.

Roger Severn, however, heard no music. He had seen a man, a man in peril, fall, and weather had but one song for him—the threatening song of the storm.

Another morning saw a favorable reversal of their journey.

The Lake of the Woods was subject to both light and boisterous winds, the former of which was suitable for sailing; but no canvas was spread that day. The air was light and over-warm. No breath of wind fanned the voyageurs, and, as a result, they had to depend on their oars as it proved to be a long pull. They labored cheerfully and their chansons rang with the natural ardor.

Driven on in this way, the island was left well behind.

The usual hour for going into camp found them remote from any island suitable for their needs, and it was decided to proceed until such a place was reached. By that time clouds had obscured the sky, and darkness fell early and thick.

For some hours the weather conditions had caused attention and predictions had generally been made that a storm was brewing. It appeared in gusts of twelve hours, and if anybody had been called upon to fix the time by estimate, twenty-four hours would have been the probable limit.

That a sudden squall was to occur was not suspected even by those most skilled in weather lore.

At least the voyageurs began to use their oars with more zeal. All knew that the chosen place for camping was near, and it would be welcome when reached. The boats had strung out more than usual, those of the Oakley party being well in the rear, but within sight of the Express. Directly ahead was a group of islands, some of which were mere sand spots, sparsely clothed with trees and bushes, but among them was one elevation of land that offered strong inducement as a resting spot for the night, though the Express had passed it by.

The Oakley boats were drawing near this place when it was noticed by all that the water became suddenly agitated around them. The waves on the more northern sea had the shelter of an island to the windward.

"Here's breeze enough, at last!" grumbled a voyageur, as Roger's boat heeled to leeward. "Yes, and a flash of lightning, too."

He received no answer. Just then they swept past the farther end of the island, and the agitation of the water became a tumult. More, upon their ears abruptly burst a roaring sound, and as every gaze was turned to the weather side they had a prospect of something surprising.

In that direction lay a channel between two islands, and this, in the dim light of the darkness was an upwarring bank of white water that was unmistakably scour. But it was more. That bank was moving, and it was accompanied by a shrieking noise that rose high above the momentarily noticed roar.

A squall was sweeping down upon them with a suddenness only exceeded by its violence.

Roger Severn at once perceived the danger. He knew what the Lake of the Woods was in its wrath, and knew the need of prompt action.

"To the nearest land!" he cried loudly. "Row, for your lives!"

There was no need to urge his men. They had all seen the terrific white sea that was sweeping down to engulf them, and the bravest among them thrilled with grave apprehension. Fresh power was put into their stroke, and the boat bounded forward with the impetus of fear.

But not fast enough for safety. Roger saw with grief that they would not reach the desired island, and that it would be suicide to let the advancing billows strike them sidelships. There was only hope to run before the wind, and he changed their course with all possible speed.

It was not done any too soon. Accompanied by a deafening roaring, and a forming mountain sprang upon them with all its fury. The craft was buffeted remorselessly; it was lifted, overwhelmed and pounded; it was at once deluged with water as if the heavens had wielded the ax, and uplifted as if he would play with his prey, animal fashion, before taking it into his maw.

And in the midst of this war of nature were men, almost as helpless, unsatisfied, drenched and relentlessly flung about. The oldest voyageur aboard had never seen Lake of the Woods in greater fury.

The first shock was weathered, and then it was a question of keeping afloat and meeting all complications.

Roger had seen with great satisfaction that David Ridley was reasonably cool in this hour of peril, and that he clung to Helen tenaciously. This enabled the partisan to give all his attention to his proper duties. Now and then he caught a sweeping keenly into the dusky abyss of air that lay ahead. Might and there emerge what could run before the wind indefinitely, but it was not to be forgotten that the lake was treacherous in shallows.

To drive upon one of them might prove fatal.

The partisan looked, also, to see if he could discover any island that was visible. Despite this he knew that, unless they had been overwhelmed by the squall, Alexis Milcet and his crew would be in the path of danger, but he was not so sure as to the Chippewa Indians.

Possibly they had been able to make land.

Roger and his men were showing their mettle. There were no pallid cheeks, wavering eyes or shaken nerves. Strong and steady, each man looked with unruffled gaze and used his hands with strength and skill. The gusts could not be resisted in the wind from the voyageurs' persons were the badges of vanity, but their present de-

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portment was the evidence of dauntless hearts.

Forward swept the boat. Thus far the path was clear, and the dreaded land absent. Sea-room, and plenty of it—that was what was wanted them. The shore of the lake was thirty miles away, but the islands were many.

Still onward! Lightning flashed, the water boiled and billowed, the wind howled and wailed, the foam drove over all in clouds. But thus far, they rode in safety.

Once, Roger thought of the twenty thousand pounds in one of the inland pieces. If they went down, the treasure would never see the Pacific Coast. And if they went down—for a moment he turned his face upon Helen. Sight of her gave him a momentary weakness. New feelings thronged upon him. More than one treasure was in the boat, and the greater was not wrapped in the inland piece.

He stifled such thoughts. This was a time for resolute action and untroubled nerves. He tried to put all things but his work aside.

Presently they drove close to a low-lying island. They went with plenty of water under the keel, but, sweeping past, a fresh and furious drive of wind caught at it through a funnel. They were heeling dangerously under this new assault when a warning cry rose from one of the voyageurs.

Roger turned his head. Another boat was bearing helplessly toward them.

There was no time to avoid it. Almost in a twinkling the two craft were side by side, both tossed and flung pitilessly, and, though every man was struggling to lessen the dangerous chances, collision seemed inevitable.

A moment of suspense—then the stranger's boat took the stern of their boat in a slight shock and the two passed each other by in this narrow fashion.

But there was something more.

Inconsequential as the shock was, in itself, it cast the pitching of the other boat, led to a strange mishap. A man who had been sitting in the stranger's bow was flung helplessly forward and deposited heavily in Roger's boat.

The fall was not disabling, and the new passenger slowly scrambled to his knees. A flash of lightning fell upon him. There, bound up in his ever-present cloak, was Peter Parsons.

He was the gift of the storm.

Even in the war of the elements Roger was conscious of a feeling of annoyance and apprehension that Korway should be among them. Powerless as he considered to do mischief then, his presence appeared to the partisan to add fresh difficulty to their situation.

Korway may have had an uneasy moment. He was conscious, at last, his life was for a moment in added jeopardy, but this soon passed and his harsh laugh rang out over the noise of the gale. He was left wholly to himself, however, and he had sense enough to keep his position and meddle by neither word nor movements.

The other boat had been cut adrift almost as quickly as it had come, and again the treasure craft appeared to be the only vessel on the lake. Beaten by the waves, enwrapped by the foam and deriided by the voices of the storm, they at last fell on the towering mountains of water.

Roger did not relax his vigilance. Steering with a strong hand and as much judgment as possible, he managed to keep ahead and watch for the obstruction so much expected and so painfully dreaded. A rocky island might end of their career in a twinkling.

One man in the boat gave little thought to this, for the reason that he did not realize the danger. David Hilger had clung tightly to the mast, and she had clung to him. He had felt no fear that this would be misinterpreted by the young girl, such is crisis, nor that it would be suspected that her sensitive arrangements covered a feminine heart. Thus far he was right, for the voyageurs had all they could do to attend to their duties.

Now, however, Korway was there, and, once, when the lightning flashed, David saw Peter bending forward and looking directly at them, and on his face was a wolfish, unwitting, unpleasant smile. It gave the observer a shivering feeling, and it gave more.

Despite the peril, his mind swept back to other days and another place. He had seen another man smile like that. That man was Seth Bardell. A great dread came to the heart. He longed to have this amazing castaway into the lake and have done with him.

Mischief seemed to lurk within him, and peril to go where he trod.

Just then there was a chorus of cries from the voyageurs.

Directly ahead of them loomed the long-feared obstruction—land, with a threatening shore and mighty trees. Whether rocks were there could not be told, but death might await them when they struck.

Roger turned to the right and left. There was no escape. The boat could not be steered to the right or left, and no human power could check its way. There was time for nothing to do that end.

Then was a forward surge, a howl of the tempest, a stiffening of human muscles, and then they were lifted on a huge wave and flung to shore.

This thrilling and remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger, giving the reader chapters filled with dramatic situations of the very highest interest. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are now making, entirely free of cost, one of our splendid stereoscopes, also any six of our selected and valuable patterns, announced on pages thirteen and fifteen. Look at our advertisement of these splendid premiums and see if you do not wish them.

Overshooting the Mark.

Candidate—How did you like my speech?

Mr. Knowit—It was fine.

Mrs. Compup (indignantly)—Fine. That doesn't express it, Mr. Knowit. It was grandiloquent!—Baltimore American.

LOVE IN THE CAR.

A motor car is not the place
To court a girl with ease and grace.
You'll find you can't keep up the pace
And woo her.

Your eyes are on the road ahead,
There isn't much that can be said;
You really dare not turn your head
To view her.

Her color comes, her color goes,
Or either side the landscape flows;
The motor is the worst of foes
For wooing.

The man who guides his flying car
Along love's lane will never go far;
He'll fetch up in a awful jar—
The stupid!

'Tis better then to wisely wait,
And when you strike a tamer rate
Along the path from papa's gate—
Why, view her.

There'll be no throttle there nor brake,
No spedes your anxious thoughts to take,
No fear of skid or bump or brake—
So woo her.

COWS AND GRAB STEEDS.

Sol Baker looked after the retreating form of the schoolmaster with an expression of disfavor. "He didn't give that decision right up to the lyceum the other night," he said. "It was the best in the house, oughter 've had it."

"What are you talkin' so, Sol?" asked Washington Hancock from his chair by the oyster cracker barrel.

"Just bein' sore over grin the best argyement," said Baker. "I don't claim they had the best of it, but I claim the cow's got the best of it if there's any sort of debaters talkin' for it to bring out the p'ints that I all brought up. It was a dead-ringer, to my notion. Rudolph he hung out all they was to favor the cow, an' Sam Bailey, he didn't so much as mention cheese' captin' jest to refer to it. I could 've made a pretty good talk on cheese if I'd had that side of the question."

"So could I," remarked the storekeeper, with a dark look at Hancock.

"How about them ar hoss heroes?" asked Marvin Parsons. "Rudolph didn't have nothin' particular to say about them. You take it out in them critters in Sahara, where there ain't nothin' but sand an' no cyars nor nothin' else, an' the cow can't stand, an' them A-rabs 'ud be lost 'thout their hosses. What's more, they raise the finest kind—the very mynthin' we've got in this country. Well, sir, they milk mares. Yes, sir-ee. Now you, an' I'll prove it by the schoolmaster himself. They milk 'em, an' by cripes, they make cheese out of 'em—mare's milk cheese. That is so."

"I don't b'lieve it," said Baker doggedly. "It don't stand to reason that a hoss or a hosses is so mighty fine——"

"They'll outrun anything on four legs," said Parsons, with a shot that pufflehy true Wash'n'."

"I never seen any myself," replied Hancock, "but I reckon they're tol'able speedys Don't you rickerleck that piece about the A-rab an' his hoss in the 'Way Beautiful! My Beautiful! They say 'at thou art solid' Thus, thus, rich an' rare, they run across the desert plains an' him who overtakes us now may dance thru the Seven Thrad Sea, seem to indercate that they're hard to ketch."

"What'd I tell ye!" exclaimed Parsons triumphantly. "Wash, you'd oughter 've made a talk for Sahara."

"That wouldn't prove nothin," said Baker. "It oughter be easy enough to argue anything that's got two sides to it. An' where do they pasture them horses' Where they raise the cows, whilst about cheese in that place. An' if they did make cheese outen hoss milk that ain't sayin' it's as good as cow cheese. They don't make beef outen their horses, I reckon, anyway."

"Don't they haul the beef around?" asked Parsons promptly. "Don't they use the critters out West to herd the cattle? How'd they drive 'em to market if they didn't have hosses? Why, they'd have to send and get along 'thout beef an' eat mutton an' hog meat. I don't eat beef wunst in six months myself."

"Maybe you don't drink milk nor eat butter," said Baker sarcastically.

"I do, but I don't hafter," retorted Parsons. "I could go without them a plagued sight better than I could go without beef, or do my plowin' with a yoke o' steers. You can get plenty of milk from the cow, Rufe'll tell you that. They make this Swiss cheese out o' goat's milk an' it's tol'able good eatin', I reckon."

"A billy goat is considerable of a butter, too," suggested Hancock, with a wink at that minstrel show they had at Tarkio las' year, Marvin'."

"You're smart, you are," said Baker with some asperity, "but smartness ain't anywhere. You're jest like the rest of 'em that way? They don't cut no figger. 'Sides which, they ain't nothin' else to say for their selfs' with camels. They may use horses for projectin' around, but camels is their main hold, an' they're the best in the world for butter. I know somethin' about them camels myself. They've got stummicks."

"A cow's got three stummicks for that matter," observed Washington Hancock impudently.

"They've got stummicks what'll hold a week's supply of water," continued Baker. "That's where they've got the best o' the horses. There ain't no camel in this country an' a camel'll die these where a camel'll go along as chipper an' peart as you please."

"I don't see as that's any pertickerler advantage," said Parsons.

"You don't?"

"Cert'nly not. The camel's got to tote that water around with him, ain't he? What's the difference whether he totes it outside or inside of him? You hitch your hosses to a wagon with a few bar'ls o' water an' I don't see but what they'll git along jest erbout as well as the camel will."

Baker seemed to be somewhat posed by this argument, but he recovered sufficiently to say that the debate was on the respective merits of the hores and the cow, not of camels.

"You brung 'em in," said Parsons. "I was only showin' you where you was wrong."

"I claim that the A-rabs don't cut no figger," said Baker. "That's what I was sayin'. You can take 'em or not don' 'count butter, but I bet you you'd make a holler if you didn't have none on the table to spread over your cakes in the mornin'. What'd hot biscuit be 'thout any butter? How'd half the women folks in this country git their grocries an' fixin's if they didn't have butter an' eggs to trade? What do you think about that, Rufe?"

"I'd jest as soon they'd pay me the cash money," replied the storekeeper.

"How'd you git your goods down from the deepo if Jim Adams didn't hitch up them horses of his to the dray an' haul 'em for you?" demanded Parsons, pressing his advantage.

"He'd take a truck an' wheel 'em down himself," answered Hancock impatiently. "I tell you, Marve, if there wasn't no horses we'd all of us be buyin' ostermobiles an' instid of a month we'd orgit there ever was horses. An', Sol, if there wasn't no horses, Rufe could sell you oleomargarine that you'd say was jest as good an' could buy canned corned beef in the store. I don't see no use orgyin' which is the most benefit to mankind. They're tol'able useful, both of 'em. What's the use o' standin' an' eventin' listenin' to Rudolph Flickham an' Col Harper gas erbout 'em, when Sol an' Marve. They've jest been chewin' on the rag for half an hour, back an' forth, an' they're about where they was when they started. What's the use of it? You put me in mind o' Uncle Jake Orr over in Hoopole Township. Uncle——"

"I tell you, Wash," said Sol Baker, "debatin' brings out information. You take 'most any subjec' an' debate on it for a spell an' there's things comes out in it. I'm a b'liever in lyceums myself. I like to 'tend 'em. It's a good thing for the young men an' it enunnicates their streetheas the mind an' widens the understandin'."

"I hain't got another word to say agin it," said Hancock. "If it does that you an' Marve go right on. I'll 'tend to it."

"What was that story about Uncle Jake Orr, Wash?" asked the storekeeper with a twinkle in his eye.

"Nothin'," replied Hancock. "There wasn't no story. He was a right smart of a debater afore he went and got married, that's all."

Singularities.

Yarn, with powdered stone, can cut a steel trap. Laughter washes wunden at the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., once found a prisoner who was supposed to be at work there working away at one of the bars to an outside window. The prisoner was indeed to give a demonstration. A grating of the same description was placed in his cell and a grand stationed to watch him. He set to cutting process. With the limestone dust and silicate from the bricks of the cell floor he took some and a little water this man cut the bessemer steel bar in eighteen working hours. With the bar he made a knife a file and two wooden handholds to save his fingers he made the other sixteen bars of the bessemer bar in five hours.

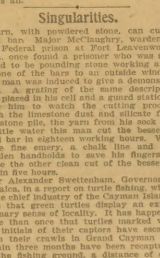
Sir Alexander Swettenham, Governor of Jamaica, in a report on turtle fishing, which is the chief industry of the Cayman Islands, says that fishermen often display an extraordinary sense of locality. It has happened more than once that turtles marked with the initials of their captors have escaped from their crawls in Grand Cayman and been three months have been recaptured at the fishing ground, a distance of over 200 miles. The last instance of this was in 1894, when a crawl was cut down and 200 turtles escaped; within three months thirty of them were caught by fishermen fishing boats off the Nicaragua Coast.

China's Government is fighting the vice of opium-smoking by introducing the use of "anti-opium" pills. The North China Daily News says that "in order to facilitate accommodation for poor smokers who cannot afford to buy high-priced anti-opium pills themselves the Viceroy has given permission to establish charitable anti-opium pill factories in the various districts, with branches in the various districts. Arrangements have been made by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce in the city of Tientsin for the reception of indigent smokers at the various benevolent institutions under the attendance of some foreign and Chinese doctors."

Pertinent Query.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman with the big watch chain, "I laid the foundation of my fortune by saving sour farce."

"Indeed!" rejoined the flippant youth. "By the way, how long did you rest in the capacity of street car conductor?"



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WHISKEY $5 cents a gallon. New method. "Talk" 888 Secrets free. E. HOUSE, Horseshoe, S. C.

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POPULAR SONG BOOK. Contains 100 of the latest and best Songs. Sold on Summer Time," words and music, 10c. Big catalogue of new song hits, stuck to "The Fortune Telling Man," "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," "Mandy Lee," "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," "Mandy Lee," "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," "Mandy Lee

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves.

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and today I am all right. I would advise every one afflicted in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Too Free.

Miss Prim was very angry about her admirer's taking out a marriage license without consulting her, wasn't she?"

"Pretty furious. She said as far as marrying her was concerned, it was a liberty, not license."

Got What He Wanted.

Pat—Oi wint on a stroike fer shorter hours last week.

Mike—An' did yez get 'em?

Pat—Faith, an' Oi did thot. It's mesilf as ain't workin' at all now.

Seems to Be.

Hyker—Is Longleigh what you would term a high roller?

Fyker—Well, the indications point that way. He is more than six feet tall—so his wheels are pretty high up.

Exaggerated Ego.

Editor—But all these jokes can't be original. Don't you know there are only seven original jokes in existence?

Humorist (egotistically)—Well—er—I wrote the seven.

The Most Catching Ones.

"On what lines is your sporting man going to run his piscatorial department?

"I suppose on fishing lines."

Peter Persimmon—So de ol' gen'man keeps yo' wife in pin money? You ought to be glad oh dat.

Sam Sunflower—I'd lak to know why. He keeps her in money to buy rolling-pins to thump me oheh de hadd wid.

How It Happened.

Green—I was the victim of a lynching party in Arizona once.

Brown—You don't say?

Green—Fact. I married the widow of a man who was strung up for horse stealing.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of The Ledger will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found many men some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS WANTED

200 Per Cent Profit. Sell our Big $1.00 bottle Sarsaparilla for 50 cts. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies With Pure Drug Law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. E. GREENE, 37 Lake St., Chicago

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address MONARCH TOBACCO WORKS, Box 858, DANVILLE, Va.

AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE. Five articles most required yearly in every household. Sample free. Your first customer gets order without trouling. Write for particulars, will not cost bother. Don't delay. MONARCH KNITTED GOODS WORKS, 16 Monarch Bl., Chicago, Ill.

JOKES AND

Strictly Correct.

Miss Chicago—This gloomy poet says, "When graveyards yawn." Isn't that terrible?

Miss Boston—In what way? You didn't think he would say when "graveyards gape," did you?"

Lethargic.

Opportunity was observed to be pounding the door with a club.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Fortune. "Isn't an ordinary knock sufficient to arouse them?"

Opportunity smiled. "Not here," she replied. "This is Philadelphia."

"My boy, don't you know that the scriptures say you must turn the other cheek when struck?"

"Huh! S'posin' you're soaked in de nose?"

In Old Kentucky.

Miss Bluegrass—Father, did you give that young man any encouragement when he called to ask you for my hand?

Col. Bluegrass—Encouragement? Well, I should say so, daughter. I let him to the sideboard three times.

Handed Her a Bunch.

Eva—Yes, indeed, the bride wore orange blossoms, but no thanks to her rival.

Katharine—And what did her rival do?

Eva—Why, her rival sent her a bouquet of lemon blossoms.

Strange, Indeed.

Tall Bard—Here is an article that says overeating prevents poets from writing good poetry.

Short Bard—Great Homer! Who ever heard of a poet suffering from overeating?

Latest Report.

Mrs. Caller—I hear your daughter ran away and got married last week. Is there any truth in the report?

Mrs. Homer—Yes, and it is also true that she and her husband walked back this morning.

Not the Same Case.

"I'll bet you our Mollie's beau don't believe in all President Roosevelt's ideas."

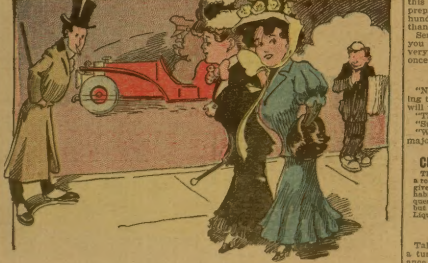
"What special one does he disagree with?"

"The one that there ought to be no Mollie-coddling."

Drawing the Line.

Timkins—Then you do not favor a central form of government?

Simkins—I should say not. I married a telephone girl, you know.



Kitty Flies—Yes, that Gussie Gilderboy is a regular pudding. He has plenty of dough and proposed to me ten minutes after we first met.

Belle Wings—Gracious! He must be a hasty pudding.

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes prepaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Why Not?

"Certainly I'm going to the reception," said the conceited chump. "I believe the beautiful Miss Swellman will be there."

"Surely you don't expect her to speak to you?" remarked the quiet man.

"Why not?" asked the conceited chump. "What's the matter? Is she bashful?"

Nothing but the Truth.

"All the big berries are at the top of this box, I suppose?" remarked the sarcastic customer.

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied the truthful dealer. "Most of 'em are at the top of the other boxes."

Of More Importance.

Him—Will you be my wife?

Her—Are you aware of the fact that I do not know how to cook?

Him—Yes. But you have enough money to pay our board, haven't you?

Oh, Glams!

Fare the well, O football!
From now your name is Dennis,
By all the little stars above,
Teddy's shouting, "Thirty love!"
In good old-fashioned tennis.

Spots on the Son.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and roundness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Not High and Truthful.

"Never mind," said the ward-heeler, during the troublesome times, "I'll bet the boss will win out yet."

"Think so?" replied the plain citizen.

"Sure. He's just lying low."

"Well, both these epithets apply to the majority of his henchmen."

CURE FOR LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. As only request they make it free, so not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Address Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, 23 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Better Than the Boards.

Tall Thespian—You say that you once did a turn and got $5,000 for the one performance. Great Brutus! What theater was it in?

Short Thespian—No theater; a hotel. I did a turn in the revolving doors, got my hand caught and recovered $5,000 damages

J°LLITY

Proof Positive.

Myer—What reason have you for considering Uppson flighty?

Gyer—He has a new scheme for navigating the air.

Ambling Andrew—Dis paper says dat a light heart an a care-free mind is de best cure for insomnia.

Sleepy Sammy—It's a lie. No one could hev a lighter heart er a more careless mind than wot I got, but ter save me life I can't get more'n fourteen hours o' sleep in one night.

A Knotty Problem.

Fond Wife—What are you worrying about this evening?

Husband (a young lawyer)—An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder, and I can't make up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man, or is still alive.

Strenuous.

Mother (returning suddenly)—Gracious, children, what have you been doing? Why, the room looks like a hurricane had struck it and Willie looks like he had been through a threshing machine!

Tommy—Please, mamma, we have been playing Russian Douma and Willie was the Czar.

Needed Mopping.

"Why didn't you interfere?"

"When?"

"Why, when those two men threatened to mop up the street with one another."

"My dear sir, the streets of Chicago need cleaning up so badly I would be glad to see them mopped up in any style."

"Get the Hook!"

Gunner—Did you hear the celebrated basso sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?"

Guyer—Yes, and I thought it was pretty fishy.

Gunner—Fishy? How so?

Guyer—Why, wasn't it a deep-sea bass?

His Specialty.

Gunner—Who is that intelligent looking chap we often see wandering among the smart set? Is he a private detective?

Guyer—No, he is society's weather man.

Gunner—And what does he predict?

Guyer—Brain storms.

Heard in the Green Room.

First Actor—Congratulate me, old man. I have been married just ten years today to one woman.

Second Actor—That's nothing. I've been married twice to my present wife in five years.

Not Disappointed.

Oatcake—How much did yew git fer yore hogs, Hiram?

Hayrik—Weal, I didn't git ez much ez I 'lowed, an' I didn't 'low I would.

The Backwoods Limited.

"What is all the excitement?" asked Uncle Jason Hardapple as he entered the Chicago skyscraper.

"Why," replied a big broker, "we are kicking about the eighteen-hour train."

"Do tell! Why, that is just what the folks down in Bacon Ridge were kicking about when I came away.

"What? Do you mean to say you have an eighteen-hour train down in that out-of-the-way place?"

"Certainly, neighbor."

"And you are kicking because it goes too fast?"

"No, we are kicking because it goes too slow. You see, it takes eighteen hours to make fifty miles."

Mixed His Lines.

The manager of the great war drama was furious.

"Blockhead!" he thundered as he rushed into the theatrical office. "What do you mean by sending me an actor who used to work in the kitchen of a cookhouse?"

"If-how do you know he used to work in the kitchen of a cookhouse?" faltered the agent.

"How do I know? Why, in the battle scene outside of the fortress instead of shouting 'Scale the walls!' the numskull bellowed 'Scale the fish!'"

An Illusion Gone.

"People says things that 'tain't so," wailed little Miss Peggy. "I had Dicky, papa's chauffeur, in here swearing for me, and it didn't do a thing."

"What on earth does the child mean?" gasped her astonished mother. "Making Dicky swear?"

"Yes, ma'am," sobbed Peggy. "I heard papa say when Dicky swore he used language that would make your hair curl."

Teacher—What? You don't know what a dozen is? Now, Danny, if you had twelve apples what would you have?

Danny—Oh, yes'm, I know! A doctor.

Irate Guest—Waiter, there is a hair in this stew. The cook should be careful.

Waiter—Ah, monsieur, zat hair is not from ze cook. Eet is from ze hair of our celebrated orchestra leader. We give one with each order as a souvenir.

He Was Right.

"You're just a poem, Bess." I said,
And I knew I was right, you see.
I knew the way she tossed her head
She was averse to me.

When Hubby Wakes Up.

Gunner—You will find very few women billing and cooing over their husbands after the honeymoon is over.

Guyer—I should say so. After the honeymoon you will find them only billing.

Gunner—Billing?

Guyer—Yes, flooding hubby with milliners' and dressmakers' bills.

Hard to Open.

Dick—Succeed in touching the old gentleman for a ten spot this morning?

Jack—No, his money he carries is like the umbrella he carries.

Dick—How so?

Jack—Why, it's a close roll.

The Sequel.

Stubb—Yes, Turfwood used to be a great sport. He would always play the field.

Penn—What is he doing now?

Stubb—Why, he set dead broke, got a job as a hired man and now he is working the field.

Sudden Drop.

The Heiress—Ah, count, do you really think it is easy for you foreigners to fall into our American ways?

Count Hickoff—I have no doubt. I fall into ze American subway the first day I land.

The Obstacle Itself.

Eve—Yes, I am a great believer in onions as beautifiers. Why, when a girl diets on onions she is pretty enough to kiss.

Jack—But who wants to kiss a girl who diets on onions?

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of The Ledger will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

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In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. Write for our special offer. 1906 Models $10 to $27. With Coaster Brake and Fenders $12 to $14. Best $7 to $12. All of best makes $3 to $8. 500 Second-hand Wheels All Makes and Models $3 to $8. Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries one-half usual prices. Do not buy till you write for our catalogue and special offer. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 35 Chicago.

AGENTS wanted to sell $1 box Native Herbs for 50c. Write P. C. MELROSE, COLUMBUS, Ohio

YOU CAN DO BUSINESS. If you have a rig with us. Exclusive territory. Entire expenditure. Every farmer is interested. R. B. FRENCH Co., Paris, Ind.

$41 PER WEEK and expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Compound. Stanfield Co., Inc., Salem, Ind.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Furnish Free. Standard Assoc Co., Box 201, Hd'q's, New York

"NO BURN" SEPTIC PETTICOAT. Patented Soft Rubber Pocket. Prevents Fire. Sells on Sight. Agents Wanted. STAMPING CO., DOVER, N. Y.

$150. A MONTH PROFIT & EXPENSES. Some active Hustler Cousa YOU CAN EARN IT Write To-Day. L. BELL, 1441 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; salesmen. PEASE MFG. CO., Station W, Cincinnati, O.

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$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid man to place Pepso-Protein (for stock and poultry) with farmers. Experience unnecessary. Address, with stamp, Pepso-Protein Co., Dept. 5, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS PORTRAITS & FRAMES 10c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 220-32 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS. Better than a boy to watch your lines. No one can resist to set hooking bait. Write to-day for free sample. Agents wanted. Rock Specialty Co., Dept. 69, Rock Island, Ill.

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SALESMEN, FIREMEN, ELECTRIC MOTORMEN, PORTERS (Experience unnecessary). $75 per month. Inter. Railway Inst., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind

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THE MYSTERIOUS GOVERNESS.

BY ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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Begun in No. 19, May 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

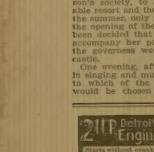
CHAPTER VII.
FIRST THROBS OF LOVE.

Madame Boursier's fears concerning her son and the governess were soon set at rest, since nothing in the attitude of either denoted any deeper interest than those of common etiquette. When Nestor had been introduced to Adriana he had not manifested the least surprise and Madame Boursier, who knew nothing of the sentimental meeting in the park, thought with an inward rejoicing and relief:

"This is not the style of beauty he admires. It is surprising, but I could not have wished it otherwise. The fact that her uncontented loveliness leaves him so indifferent relieves my mind of a great burden."

The Boursiers had invited no one for the month of June, since it was their intention, after a few days' enjoyment of their son's society, to all go to some fashionable resort and there pass the remainder of the summer, only returning to the castle at the opening of the hunting season. It had been decided that this year Isabelle would accompany her parents, while Nestor and the governess would remain alone at the castle.

One evening, after the usual hour spent in singing and music, a discussion arose as to which of the two young ladies present would be chosen for the year's outing.



Adriana, who of late had joined the family every evening in the drawing-room, was about to leave the room, but Nestor stopped her, saying with the deferential courtesy he always used when speaking to the governess:

"Do not leave us, Mademoiselle, for if you are not too tired, we would enjoy more music. As to this question of the summer outing, I think it will soon be decided, since I have a plan to propose which I feel sure will meet with the approval of all."

Adriana resumed her seat by the piano and began looking over the music in a listless sort of way. In spite of herself, she listened eagerly to the plan Nestor was about to propose, since she felt by the way he had asked her to remain that the plan would in some way interest her.

"What do you say, mother? You seem so confident that it will be accepted?" asked Madame Boursier.

The young man cast a furtive glance toward the governess, then seeing that her face was still of the motionless mask of vision, he said:

"As I told you before, mother, Jacques de Charmeuse and I had proposed to take a trip in Switzerland during July or August. Well, my plan is that instead of two lonely bachelors going off by themselves we make it a party of four, and go over to Switzerland and I am sure that Isabelle would like the trip better than a second stay at a summer resort."

"Does that include Mademoiselle Dohan and me?" asked Madame Boursier.

"Certainly not. You were not going with the family to Switzerland, but to the watering place you traveling? Little girls like should you not stay at home and grow? I have been Nestor's governess, and he looked anew toward the governess, whose head was bowed low over the music in her lap and whose white hand trembled as it turned the pages carelessly.

Madame Boursier beamed pleasantly upon her son, for his willing exclusion of the governess from the pleasure trip proved conclusively that he had not the slightest interest in her.

"Your brother is right, Bertha," she said. "You are still of an age when you should not be thinking of suffering themselves for young manhood. Then to her governess: "Nestor is right. The trip will be delightful, while Monsieur de Charmeuse's company will prove an added pleasure. What do you say, Isabelle?"

"Oh, I would much prefer Switzerland to either Trouville or Luchon, for it would give us the pleasure of Nestor's company all through the season."

"That's just what I think," exclaimed Monsieur Boursier. "Adriana, I do not think I not thought him of enough consequence to ask his opinion.

"The matter is decided," cried Nestor gayly. "In a week or ten days will pack our trunks, for after four weeks with Jacques together to view the beauties of the Swiss Alps."

"Why not have him come here instead of our joining him at Lyons?" asked Madame. "It would be much more cosy, besides it would give him a chance to get acquainted with the family previous to the voyage." Better write him at once and let him spend a few days with us before starting."

The book which the governess was holding fell to the floor with a crash and Nestor going to pick it up noticed that her face turned suddenly livid. As he handed her back the book she could see a look of deep imploring looks which are far more eloquent than words. Then, unconcernedly, she resumed her seat, answered:

"I would be glad to do so, but Charmeuse would not have received a letter in time with his brother-in-law until the second of the month, so that he could not leave Paris until the 3d or 4th, even on the fourth. Now, Mademoiselle Doban, that the grave questions of our vacation season has been decided, we will enjoy some more music, if it is not imposing too much on your good nature."

The following week Monsieur and Madame Boursier departed for Nestor and Isabelle, leaving Berthe alone with the governess. The young man had so fervently implored that she had been excluded from the trip to Switzerland, but after a few days' separation from her lover and life at the castle assumed a happy content. Most studies were abandoned and both the governess and the pupil turned to the two passions they shared in common—outdoor life and love.

During the day they took endless walks throughout the park, while Adriana, who was sketching odd bits of scenery or resting at the foot of some giant oak reading from the old master or drifting into long talks which daily brought them nearer together. In a surroundings shared both by the heart and by the intellect. In the evenings hours of music, hours of which Nestor was not one by the two girls but by the servants as well, who, now that the grim Madame Boursier was away, dared to linger near the drawing-room door while the two sang or played.

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After a time Berthe not only ceased to be a third party, but she was even glad to have been left behind. One hot afternoon some three weeks later the two were seated at the foot of a tree, when Berthe exclaimed, breaking the silence which had lasted for some time:

"How glad I am that they considered me too young to take with them!"

"Why?" asked Adriana with a start, the girl's remark waking her from her thoughts.

"Because, had we never been left alone as we are, I should never have learned to love you as I do or to know your real nature. Then, too, I should not have grown closer together as when either papa or maman or even Isabelle is with us."

"It is what way I differ?" asked a faint smile crossed the governess' lips.

"Oh, in so many! I can't say only one would never think that the person who could be so tender and so kind to me could be so cruel to the others as you were."

"The difference, no doubt lies, mon enfant, in the fact that your own tenderness and love makes me forget for a time that I am only a governess and you the pupil. I let myself drift into a comradeship with you which I would never dare assume either to Mademoiselle Isabelle or your sister."

The governess could say no more, since a servant came up at that moment and handed a telegram to Berthe. The girl turned pale as she saw the yellow envelope in hand that she tore open the envelope.

"Mon dieu!" she cried, after reading the few lines it contained. "papa has had an accident and they are bringing him home. He is severely injured. I'm watching for him from Lyons."

Adriana seized the telegram which had dropped from the girl's nerveless hand, and after reading it, said:

"Be brave, my child, Mademoiselle; your mother says it is not serious. This surely must be an exaggeration, for her own words belie such a conclusion."

But the reassuring words, Berthe was filled with anxiety and was only fully reassured when, late that night, she saw her father brought out of the car on a stretcher, in all appearance as hale and hearty as ever. Monsieur Boursier's accident only slipped while climbing a mountain and had sprained his ankle, but that it had been impossible for him to continue the journey.

Amid the commotion caused by the unexpected return had subsided and life had resumed its usual course and Berthe and Adriana began to notice a decided change in Isabelle. She longed for solitude and took endless walks alone in the park, her eyes were listless and vague like one lost in thought. Then, at unexpected moments, a dreamy smile as though answering some mute question within her heart, would pucker up the red lips and frown which would age the fair face and make it that of a woman, while before it had been that of a happy, thoughtless child. Her appetite became capricious, often slight attacks like one whose heart is oppressed almost to the bursting point. Then would start at the slightest noise, while the bare mention of the two travelers would call a vivid blush to her cheeks.

For some time Adriana watched these symptoms with the experienced eye which meant but one thing—her pupil was in love. One day an innocent remark from Berthe confirmed the governess' fears as to the one who had aroused this love.

"You know, Adriana," said she, using the sister, "what sort of man was Nestor's friend, Monsieur de Charmeuse?"

Adriana was looking at Isabelle at the time and saw that a vivid blush dyed the girl's cheeks, while a sudden fear of what answered in embarrassed tones, in which, nevertheless, appeared an unusual enthusiasm.

"Oh, he is very handsome. A little taller than Nestor, and more stout and distinguished looking. His hair is a light chestnut, his eyes a dark, soft gray. He would be considered to have a very striking personality; beside that, he is very handsome and distinguished."

The girl's emotion, the blushing face, the hesitating description of the young man, gave to Adriana the solution she had been seeking. The wing of love had passed over the girl's head and the one chosen was Jacques de Charmeuse.

With the discovery of this secret, Adriana spent long hours lost in thought and when with Isabelle she studied her with penetrating glances, one trying to fathom the very depths of the girl's soul. Was Isabelle aware that, when the governess' mind was made up she was determined to herself?

After all, he might do worse. What is a name when the heart is concerned? Besides, Isabelle would bear the name in marriage and that of de Charmeuse is sufficiently enough to cover that of Boursier. He is rich, but she is richer still, for her own riches combined would add to the old name that of Doban. Isabelle is beautiful, petite, elegant, almost beautiful. She can hold her own in any drawing-room, while she can be queen in her own domain, and even Marguerite de Bois-Fleury, Jacques is twenty-five and the time has come for him to choose a wife, so why not her? In her case I know her temperament and his and by nature and disposition they are well made to understand each other and live in harmony. I must win from her a confession—know just how far things had proceeded before that unlucky accident. Then, if I think it prudent, I may interfere and help Isabelle win his love, repaying by assuring the sister's happiness the debt of gratitude I owe the brother!"

CHAPTER VIII.
THE CONFIDENCE.

The following day Adriana sought an opportunity to be alone with her elder pupil. This did not present itself until afternoon. Berthe was practicing her music, while Isabelle, more listless and preoccupied than usual, sat by the open window, her gaze fixed afar on the trees of the park. The governess saw her chance and going to the young girl laid a hand of tender familiarity on her shoulder, saying:

"My dear, your cheeks have lost much of their wonted color. Don't you think a walk with me in the park would return some of their roses?"

Isabelle started, then looking up with a smile said:

"As you wish, Mademoiselle," and she rose ready to follow the governess.

None of the haughty formality of the first days existed between the two, since Adriana had won her way rapidly into the heart of her elder pupil and now a deep sentiment of mutual affection united the two.

For some time they walked in silence. It was only when they reached an old summer house at the farther end of the park, one of Adriana's favorite spots, that the governess, taking a seat on a bench and drawing Isabelle to her side, said in grave, tender tones:

"Though the emotion I am about to say you will seem as though I was forgetting the distance which should be maintained, for you must be my only excuse. I never believed when I first entered this house that I could feel for you the tender interest and sincere love which now fills my heart. You have appealed to that love, and I have been successful in winning a slight portion of your confidence."

"Oh, you are not mistaken," cried Isabelle. "I do love you as I would love my elder sister, and it is possible for me to love a stranger?"

"And a superior," added Adriana with a half-sad, half-proud smile.

"I did not mean," hastened to say Isabelle, as a slight blush came to her cheeks.

"You did not say it, dear, but it would have been natural if you had thought it. Now, my child, as I am deeply interested in your welfare, and something in your changed actions and manner starts me thinking, your unnatural preoccupation, your lack of appetite, show me that you have confidence enough in me to tell me the sentiments which fill your heart with alarm. Will you tell me what ails you?"

A sudden blush brought the hot blood to the girl's cheek and she stammered in reply:

"Why, Mademoiselle, you are mistaken. I am not ill, and have nothing to tell, and I don't see what could have led you to suspect that there was."

Adriana drew herself up in a gesture full of offended dignity, her face lost its light of kindly interest and her voice sounded almost harsh as she said:

"Very well, Mademoiselle, I will say no more. What I had taken for friendship was simply your kindly courtesy, for although you think me too much your inferior to speak to me of those things. Very well, as a matter of fact—"

"Oh, you are mistaken! I don't think you an inferior, Mademoiselle," the girl hastened to interrupt Isabelle, sorry to have so involuntarily wounded the governess' sensitive pride.

Adriana did not let her finish, for she continued hastily:

"Do not think for a minute that it was through idle curiosity that I asked for your confidence. If I asked it was because I knew that I could help you and I am sorry that you do not feel you need my help."

"You!—help me in my trouble? Ah, Mademoiselle, your words show that you are far from guessing the true nature of my trouble."

The governess caught the girl's hands in hers and drawing her closer answered, while on the surprised face of her companion, said slowly:

"Yes, because I have guessed it so well that I am sure I can help you. Let me continue. I very well know that Marguerite de Fleury is my friend and that she is the sister of the Count Jacques de Charmeuse."

These last words caused Isabelle's last resistance, for hiding her face on Adriana's shoulder, she burst into a fresh flood of repressed and as her voice shook with sobs, she said:

"Yes, yes, you have guessed it. I do love Jacques de Charmeuse, though I know it is folly to so. I know that there is no return he could never marry me, since he belongs to one of the oldest families of France, while I am simply a millionaire's daughter."

In the hurried words, filled with the suppressed emotion of weeks of thoughts and doubt, the young girl poured forth all the despair of her soul, giving to the smallest detail the story of the tender love-dream which had found birth in the shadow of the Swiss mountains and which the unlucky accident had put to the abrupt an end. Adriana listened to the words with a heart overflowing of pity for the girl's waist and on her face a tragic expression of suffering could be read. At Isabelle's last words the governess recalled to her heart some similar tale which had ended in the tragedy of her life. When Isabelle had finished, she asked in a voice which betrayed her emotion:

"And Jacques Monsieur de Charmeuse—did he seem to pay you any marked attention, more than ordinary politeness demanded?"

"Oh, yes, he sought every occasion to be with me. He was my constant companion during the steep ascents up the mountains, and he was greatly disappointed when we were forced to come home."

"How much longer do they intend to travel?"

"They expect to be back in France about the first of September. Then Monsieur de Charmeuse and Nestor will spend two or

three weeks with Madame de Longville at her castle in the Gers. After that Nestor will come home, but what surprised both mother and me was that Nestor will not hear of our inviting Monsieur de Charmeuse, though I am sure he would like to come—he—he almost told me so one day we were left alone for a few minutes."

Adriana did not speak for an instant. Nestor's refusal to invite Jacques de Charmeuse, while unexplainable to Isabelle and her mother, was very clear to her. The young man, faithful to his oath, wished to protect her from the agony of the meeting. For an instant she hesitated. Would she sacrifice Isabelle and let her own ruined life stand in the way of the happiness of those two young hearts? Suddenly her face cleared. A plan had suggested itself to her. She asked abruptly:

"You said that your brother and Monsieur de Charmeuse were to spend three weeks at the Chateau de Longville?"

"Yes."

"At what time are your first guests expected to arrive at the castle?"

"Not until the opening of the hunting season, that is about the first week in October."

"So your mother would be at liberty during the month of September and could accept an invitation to join the house party at the Chateau de Longville?"

"Certainly, but I don't understand what you mean?"

"Do not try to do so, child. It may be that you will get that invitation. If such is the case, the love-dream begun in Normandy may find its conclusion in the historic castle of the Longvilles in the [illegible] abruptly.

"But would [illegible]ame de Longville," exclaimed Isabelle, as she also arose from the bench.

Adriana placed her two hands on the girl's shoulder and said tenderly gazed on the upturned [illegible]

"Ma chere enfant, a while ago I said I might help you. I will now prove that assertion by having you invited to join him at his aunt's, Madame de Longville's. I want you and Jacques to be happy and knowing you both as I do I feel that you are made for each other."

"You know Monsieur de Charmeuse. Why, where did you meet him?"

Adriana bit her lip, then replied:

"I thought you would remember that I was Madame de Bois-Ploury's governess. What is there so surprising that I should know her brother? Besides, there is a mystery in my life which I pray you not to seek to solve for the present, though sooner or later you will know why, in spite of my inferior position, I will be able to obtain for you an invitation from Madame de Longville, who is the maternal aunt of Madame de Bois-Ploury."

Adriana turned as though about to leave, but another thought came to her and she returned, saying with that air of authority which sometimes broke into submission of her voice:

"I must, however, impose one condition upon my offer of help. You must swear that no one shall know that it is I who obtained the invitation for you. No one, do you hear?—not even your mother nor Monsieur de Charmeuse nor Madame de Longville. What I am doing for you may be the means of my being cast adrift once more, but I will not be selfish in my [illegible]sow and will not forget that others have the right to be happy."

"I don't understand," said Isabelle, somewhat awed by the tragic grandeur of the governess' pale, sad face.

"You do not to do so. Only swear that no one shall know of my interference in this matter."

"I swear it."

"That is all I wish. Within a week you shall hear from Nestor. In two weeks you will have joined the man you love and who, I hope, loves you. After that my work will be done. I shall have done all in my power to bring about your happiness," and without another word Isabelle time to say another word she was gone.

Next week's issue will contain another installment of this highly interesting story. We advise you to read it to the end. Do you take the Ledger regularly? You ought to do so, as it is acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining papers printed in America. For a year's subscription we send fifty-two copies of the Ledger and six fine pattern free or one of our King Cameras. Note our premium advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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"Tell it what?"

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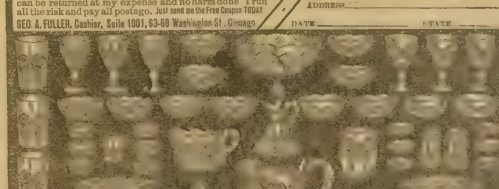

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THE KARLSTADT DIAMONDS.

BY CLIVE R. FENN.

Mr. Reginald Preston was coming slowly down the [illegible] evening when his attention was attracted by a [illegible]s an automobile. It had come to a stop just in front of the entrance. Inside [illegible] fashionably dressed lady, and at the [illegible] woman was talking to he

[illegible] began to [illegible] just then the lady shot an app [illegible] big diamo[illegible] at Preston as much as to [illegible] "Do come [illegible]"

The young and graceful. [illegible] She had been old and ugly, the young man would have been moved to act as he did just the same, and he took in the [illegible] He was an expert [illegible], although the present case [illegible] did not call for any overdilicious opening the throttle and letting the machine "rip," but just a quick run in the [illegible] speed is unsuitable. As [illegible] style time partner in [illegible] for indulgence in [illegible] hobby, and [illegible]

[illegible]ly, he approached the car and [illegible]ted his hat.

"Could I be of any assistance, madam?" he asked, and at the [illegible] book, and extracted and off [illegible] her his [illegible]

He glanced at it and gave a start of [illegible]

It was too much. I could not think of [illegible] you."

He smiled.

"No trouble, I assure you. Very good machine, this. I am experienced in the [illegible]

The policeman moved away, the matter being taken out of his hand.

"I would be very grateful," she said. "The engine—er, I mean the [illegible] where he keeps his cars—is at Hamilton Place. If you would [illegible]

"Delighted," he said, and he stepped up to the front of the car. "Shall I set it going?"

"Oh, please do."

He gave a few swift turns to the handle, set the engine whirring, and the crowd melted away as he got in and started.

"My father will be very grateful."

"But you started in surprise, as if you knew my name. Am I so [illegible]

"Indeed—"

"It is familiar."

"Ah!" he waited for more.

"Papa has so often talked of you. You are the owner of those wonderful diamonds—of which the [illegible]

[illegible]

He burst out laughing.

"Well, no, not exactly. In fact, we don't get them from Paris till tonight."

"Oh!"

There was a shade of disappointment in her tone.

"I ought not to talk about them [illegible] but papa has made up his mind to buy them for me. He said that he would give any reasonable sum.

"Mr. [illegible] he began interrogation [illegible]

"Mr. [illegible]

"Mr. [illegible]

"Oh, I [illegible] that [illegible] are so [illegible]

"[illegible] see them, will you? He [illegible] from Pittsburg tonight. Tomorrow at No. [illegible] Washington avenue [illegible] come guarded, if you liked. I [illegible] papa would so like to see them, and—I [illegible] at not to be afraid of money, but I know he would give you a reasonable price [illegible] it I could wear them at [illegible]

"[illegible] going to the Langton ball?"

"I will you give me a dance."

"[illegible] only

"Only you must wear the Karlstadt diamonds!"

she said demurely, "I must."

Miss Hasceline.

"I am Belle Hasceline. I have an older sister, who does not dan[illegible]

"You are Belle Hasceline,"

"Why, I [illegible] [illegible] how good you are!"

"I will come and fetch you [illegible]

"I will come," she said decisively. "I [illegible] would [illegible] you—about three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Thank you," she said. "I will come to Maiden Lane, shall I

"Well, if you are really going to be so very obliging."

"Then I am. Oh, and there's Hamilton Place. We shall have to get a new chauffeur. Papa says he won't keep cars in his house, as they look after them here," she chatted on.

The car was run into the garage, and was taken charge of by several attendants, and, a moment later, the girl held out her hand.

"You [illegible] very kind, but papa will thank you. No, no; I don't want a cab," and she waved him an adieu.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Very charming girl," he mused as he sauntered off, and he waited rather anxiously for the next day, fearing that there would be some hitch—that she would forget, or that something would intervene.

But nothing did supervene, and, on the following day the manager, Mr. Carlyon, left for Jackson, the other partner, was at Cleveland, and his holdover handed him the two cases containing the valuable gems.

"I have secured a purchaser," he said.

"Glad to hear it, sir," was the response.

At the time named the girl arrived.

"You are not going to say that you have altered your mind?" she said briefly. "I have brought papa's card," and she handed him a strip of pasteboard, which bore the name, "Jasper Haseltine, 22 Welsingham avenue" also the names of several clubs, and, in pencil, in a man's hand: "Delighted if Mr. P[illegible] rranged.—J. H."

He glanced at the card, and at the trim, stately figure in the tailor-made

"Oh, I am not going to say anyth[illegible] that I will come," and he slipped th[illegible]

"Oh, I see that yo[illegible]

"[illegible]

A[illegible]ayenue was soon reached, and he helped the girl to a

She run up the steps and pressed the electric button with her gloved hand, losing at him over her shoulder with a smile the while, and as a footman opened the door, her [illegible] and his.

"Where are they?" she said quickly. "Oh, but you could not [illegible]

"Of course I could. [illegible] handed her the two morocco cases.

"He will be in the library, [illegible] she said, taking the two wards, show Mr. Preston into the parlo[illegible]

The footman threw open the door, and Preston entered a richly furnished room, thinking he was to wait there; but no sooner had he closed the door than the young lady came with—she is yo[illegible] Tell me!"

Mr. I, too, am unn[illegible]."

"Then who are you?"

"I am Doctor Reginald Richby the nerve specialist. I had this letter [illegible] a note to Pr[illegible] dazed way, read the partic[illegible]lars of an ad[illegible]ent. I wish to [illegible]

The young man dashed to the door.

"It's a plot!—those diamonds!" he cried, and the girl appeared to fail to understand, and to his hurried summons the footman came quickly.

"The lady who was here!

"Gone."

So [illegible]

Couldn't Make It Lather.

An English farmer went into a restaurant in Liverpool to eat some bread and cheese.

"What kind would you like, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Cheshire, Yorkshire or [illegible]

"Name, that last," said the farmer. "I think I'll try a bit of the."

He thought it so tasty that he took a second home to his wife and left it on the sideboard in the kitchen. Next morning he came in from his before-breakfast round and inquired if she had found the parcel.

"O, yes," replied she. "I saw it there all right. And very good nutted soap it is, no doubt, when you know how to use it. But I couldn't make it lather very well when I washed the children, and after I'd done they smelled so strong that I turned 'em out for a breath of fresh air, just to sweeten 'em a bit before they go to school.

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left the ground just ahead and were winging their way toward the cliff.

Both boys fired, and the one Duff had selected for his dinner fluttered and seemed about to fall, but finally recovered, advanced, and fell upon a rocky ledge.

"Ah wonder what dem things is," said Duff, with a puzzled face. "Ah done hit dat big one."

"They are crested curassows," replied Tom. "The one you killed will make a fine dinner for us all. Go up on the ledge and get it."

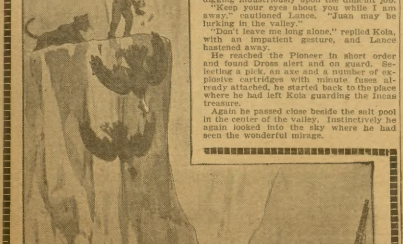
The ledge upon which the bird had fallen was fully fifty feet from the level of the valley, but Duff saw several crevices and projections in the face of the cliff which appeared to make it accessible. Above the ledge the wall was smooth, but the darky thought he could easily climb to the place where the bird had fallen.

It was hard work, struggling up the face of the wall, and the fat little darky was soon puffing like a porpoise, but he accomplished the feat he had undertaken and soon stood on the ledge.

"Here it is, Massa Tom," he cried, throwing the bird at the feet of his companion.

As Duff threw the bird a large, tawny animal moved from a small cavern back of the ledge and crouched directly in the rear of the little darky. Tom caught a short glimpse of the animal, but it passed from sight when it crouched for a spring upon the unsuspecting boy.

Duff heard a rattling of gravel and turned



"Here it is," Massa Tom.

about to find himself face to face with a ferocious puma, or mountain lion.

He seemed to Tom to be turned to stone for a single second, then he began walking backward, toward the edge of the cliff, the puma creeping after him and every moment seeming about to spring. Tom, watching from below, held his breath in the suspense of the moment.

If the boy remained where he was, the puma would be upon him in an instant.

To step over the ledge meant a fall to certain death.

The good-natured little coon was certainly in a desperate position.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INCAS' TREASURE.

When Lance and Kola set out that morning to visit the place where the Indian believed the Inca treasure to be concealed, the latter was certain that there would be no difficulty in locating it. He had studied the map until he could follow its instructions without referring to it.

Passing near the small lake, they advanced toward the northern end of the little valley. Near the little pool a surprising sight met the eyes of the young Investigator.

Above the jagged walls which shut in the valley, was a great and beautiful city hanging in the air. Beyond it lay the ocean. Great, puffing steamships were in the harbor before this miraculous city. It was a magnificent mirage, and Lance lost no time in calling Kola's attention to it.

"Lima! It is Lima!" cried the Indian. "It is good that we see the picture of the city in the sky. It brings us good luck."

As Kola led the way onward, cheered by this sight of the fortune, they both kept a sharp lookout for skulking enemies. Lance was well armed, but Kola carried only a knife with a long, keen blade and an Indian blowgun. In his hands, however, the tenfoot cane was indeed a deadly weapon.

"It kills in silence," Kola had said, on being urged to exchange his weapon for a modern rifle, "and, with this woorali-tipped war arrow, is more to be dreaded than the gun of the white man. See, I can take the poisoned point of the arrow between my lips, but let it find a scratch in the skin and an awful death is inevitable. We use the poisoned arrows in war. For game we used the plain ones."

Soon the two entered a thick copse which effectually screened their movements from any watcher on the plain or above on the cliffs. The undergrowth, however, was a decided detriment. Composed of brambles, climbing vines and strong bushes, it was almost impossible to find a way through it.

Kola persevered, however, dashing through the tangles like one possessed with an evil spirit, until he paused, bleeding and panting, at a broad flat stone half buried in the earth. Here he fell upon his knees and lifted his arms to Heaven in mute thanksgiving and appeal.

"The treasure is here!" he cried. "My reading of the map was correct! The sacred treasure of my people is here!"

"Then let us raise it at once," said the practical Lance, "and get it to the boat before we are interfered with."

But this was easier said than done.

Tug, and pull, and pry as they would, the great stone remained in its place.

Hundreds of years it had lain there, defying the treasure of a forgotten race, and it was no easy matter to coax it to surrender its hoard. The hands which had placed it there had long since been turned to dust, brown filty here and there by the winds that swept round the world, but it remained.

Kola cleared the grass and earth away from the base of the stone and dug down with his long-bladed knife, but could not reach the bottom of the rock.

"I may as well return to the boat and get some tools," said Lance. "We can do nothing with our bare hands."

"We shall need the tools," said Kola, still digging industriously upon the difficult job.

"Keep your eyes stared you while I am away," cautioned Lance. "Juan may be lurking in the valley."

"I will not be long alone," replied Kola, with an impatient gesture, and Lance hastened away.

He reached the Pioneer in short order and found Tom alert and on guard. Selecting a pick, an axe and a number of explosive cartridges with minute fuses already attached, he returned to the place where he had left Kola guarding the Incas treasure.

Again he passed close beside the salt pool in the centre of the valley. Instinctively he again looked into the sky where he had seen the wonderful mirage.

The city of Lima was not reflected in the air at that time, but another and more thrilling picture met his eyes—a weird vision of wilder beauty.

It was the City of Silver and Gold, set deep in the heart of the Andes, a dazzling magnificent gem in a setting of green valley, through which a sparkling river ran!

There were splendid castles, tall temples and strangely old fashioned buildings set along wide, palm-shaded streets.

The spires of the temples appeared to be constructed of some white and glittering substance, while the palaces were gems literally in the sun like burnished gold.

Lance lingered at the salt pool for a long time, gazing at the radiant vision. His tools fell to the ground, and he had no thought of Kola and the treasure.

Presently, however, his memory brought him back to the object of his trip back to the boat, and, collecting his tools, he started away. Then he saw that the City of Silver and Gold was reflected in the water of the pool and stopped again.

"The river runs directly toward the city," he muttered, gazing into the water. In an instant all that this might mean to him flashed through his mind.

Then the thought came to him that the river of the valley might not be the river of the mirage, so he turned away with one last, lingering look at the vision, his mind harboring many conflicting notions which they were struggling out into the valley.

Then the battle was renewed more fiercely than ever.

Juan was the stronger of the two, but Kola was as lithe and supple as a tiger. Whenever the Mexican thought he had him subdued, he slipped away again. Kola did not appear to be trying to escape. It was a fight to the death.

Lance watched it with intense interest, trying to get in a shot, but could not do so without risking the life of his friend.

He could not tell whether Kola knew of his presence there, but it was evident that the Mexican did, for he kept the body of the Indian between him and the threatening rifle as much as possible.

Then, after an exhausting struggle, Kola's muscles relaxed, and Lance saw him dragged around the corner of a ledge. The secret entrance, then, was there.

The next moment both men disappeared from view.

The parchment fluttered through the air and fell at the young captain's feet.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NOTE AND THE DAGGER.

Duff, threatened by the mountain lion, retreated until his heels almost rested upon the outer edge of the narrow ledge.

Crouching in ready attitude, the long, lithe, tawny animal, with white fangs bared and gleaming fangs, glided after him.

It was a terrible and deadly peril for the fat young darky.

"Look out, Duff!" cried Tom, from below. "You are about to step off the ledge. Duck if he jumps."

The darky hoped that the voice of his friend would for a moment attract the attention of the beast, but the puma was not to be diverted from his purpose.

The boy had all his wits about him. He knew the fearful peril he was in, but did not lose courage. That would have been fatal.

If he had been possessed of even a pocket knife he could have faced the puma, but he was entirely unarmed. He could only wait for Tom to get a bead on the vicious beast which sought to make a meal of him.

But Tom was in exactly the position that Lance had been in just before. He could see only the waving tail of the puma. He did not dare shoot at that. If he aimed at a lower range he might wound the darky.

Then came the chance. As the puma approached the edge of the ledge his head

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appeared, but Duff was still in the way, or too near to take a chance shot.

"Just a little farther!" cried Tom. "Draw him out just a little and I'll soon fix him!"

But Duff was already on the brink. The inevitable crisis had come.

It was the moment for action.

Just as the puma was quivering for a spring, Duff snatched off his hat and dashed it into his face. The trick succeeded.

The animal growled savagely and lightly leaped to one side, standing erect and in full view of the watcher below.

Tom's rifle cracked, and a bullet buried itself in the animal's body.

With a roar of anger and pain the animal leaped full at the darky, but Duff was not to be caught napping.

With a movement almost as swift as that of his four-footed antagonist, he dropped flat on the rock, so close to the edge that his feet hung over the valley below.

The puma shot over him, a yellow, snarling streak, and landed in the valley below, receiving several bullets from Tom's repeating rifle and his knife.

Duff scrambled back on the ledge.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" he cried, his hat and waving it in the air. "You sho' is de boss shot at a pinter in dese parts, sah!"

"Come down!" cried Tom. "This fellow's mate may be there."

Duff did not need a second warning. He had had quite enough of pumas for that day. Glancing hastily below, he soon scrambled to the ground.

"Could you see where the beast came from?" asked Tom, a sudden hope struggling in his mind.

"Jes' come right out'n de rock!" said Duff.

"Oh, come, now," insisted Tom. "You know better than that. He must have come from some opening, you know."

"Jes' out'n de rock, sah," said Duff.

After removing the puma's skin, the two started for the entrance boat, as it was time for Duff to be getting ready for dinner.

"Where's Lance?" he grinned. "Jes' dat bird!"

"We'll have to make that de," said Tom. "I should think you'd had game enough for one day."

"Dead I has," was the reply. "Oh! Lordy! Woow! Look there, Massa Tom!"

The hunted a halt. At the spot where Lance had discovered the dead body of the unknown Mexican. The dead man still lay there.

"Who don' kill dat man?" cried Duff. Tom pointed. Above, in the air, was a streak.

"Kola," he said. "But where is Kola?"

"Dis valley is haunted," said Duff. "An' it's all on 'count of dat bad-luck rock."

Lance now overtook the hunters, being on his way to the boat.

Tom repeated his question of a moment before:

"Where is Kola?"

"Captured," replied Lance.

In a few sentences he explained the events of the morning.

Tom told of Duff's adventure with the puma, and Lance asked the same question put by Tom:

"Where did the puma come from?"

"Jes' out'n de rock," replied Duff, obstinately.

"Perhaps you'd better go up there and see," suggested Lance.

"Not for dis coon!" cried Duff. "Don't no puller dog make me steal nuffin dis fat I'se been 'cumulatin'. Not for me!"

Lance and Tom regarded each other keenly. It was evident that they were both thinking of the same possibility.

"About how far from the boat point is the spot where the Mexican and Kola disappeared?" asked Tom, by way of information.

"Scarcely forty rods," replied Lance. "So near that I heard your shots while standing there. It was while I was hurrying to call attention to this part of the valley. Now, how long is it since you killed the puma?"

"About ten rods," was the reply.

"Then," said Lance, "the two points are not far apart. There may be an opening in the wall near by the pumas, and that opening may in some manner be connected with the one used by Juan. At least it is worth looking up."

"Indeed it is," replied Tom. "We can't get the opening and Juan will be busy getting in range of his gun, but if we can come to his rear we may get a shot, and that is the thing to do, of course."

"But look up at the treasure," said Lance, "and also see about following the river under the rocks."

"Under the rocks!"

Lance then told of his latest experience at the pool.

"This river may be the one that flows by the city we seek," he said.

"And there may be miles of mountain ranges between the valley and the city," said Tom. "I should like my share of mirage."

"It was a grand sight," replied Lance.

Tom regarded the body of the Mexican with wonder.

"Why," he said, "how comes it that this man captured Kola, brought him to this place, and then died?"

"I take it," replied Lance, "that he lassoed Kola, choked him into submission, and started away with him. During the struggle Kola shot him with one of his war arrows, but the bird then paid out enough tion to so slight a wound. "You see that the arrow just penetrates the flesh. I wonder why he did not kill him?"

"He left it there to prevent the flow of blood," said Tom. "That is an old trick with these fellows."

"At this point the Mexican died from the poison on the arrow," said Lance, thoughtfully, "and Juan came and took Kola away."

"And the treasure remains undisturbed!"

"Certainly. The Mexicans could not move the stone. In fact, we must take the bont there and use our electric power to move the rock."

"But first we must rescue Kola," suggested Tom. "They may kill him."

"The treasure first," said Lance, "for with that in our possession, there will be nothing to fight about. We may then be able to effect a compromise with the Mexicans."

The boys now moved toward the boat, leaving the body of the Mexican where they had found it.

"Juan will come and bury it," said Tom. "Why not watch this spot and do a little shooting?"

"That would destroy our chance of finding Kola," said Lance. "If we could capture the fellow it would help some."

"Perhaps we may be able to effect a compromise with Juan," added Tom, in a moment. "I'll leave a note, anyway."

This is what he wrote:

"Juan—Return Kola unharmed and receive $10,000."

When they visited the spot again the body was gone, though the spot had been watched by Brook, and the note was there, with a dagger thrust through it. It was war to the death, and the boys prepared for it.

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to follow its characters to the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like our cameras without cost, or six of our five spring patterns, absolutely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and your will be among the first to receive announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

HIS LAST REQUEST.

I met him on the Brooklyn Bridge. It was past midnight, and I was hurrying along, and did not notice him until he spoke.

"Will you leave this at the Sun office for me?" he said.

"This" was a flat envelope which he held out to me, with "The Sun, Nassau Street," written on it, and in one corner the initials "News—important."

I hesitated a moment, then said:

"Why, certainly," and took it from him.

"Thank you," said he; "it's the last favor I shall ask any one."

The sentence ended in a half-sob.

I looked around at the man more closely. A very seedy fellow in a very seedy suit, with the air of having seen better days about him, is not ordinarily an interesting personage, but my professional instinct was aroused. Here, surely, was material for a story. It might be worked up into a thrilling article for the Sunday News, under the title of "The Man and the Mystery," or I could treat it in a philosophic way and write up "A Meeting on the Bridge." I might even get up a series to run through several numbers. Clearly it was my duty to inquire modestly into his situation and assist him with my advice.

"Did you say the-World office?" said I.

A pride myself on this opening. When the conversation is "stumped" and you wish to continue it, but can think of nothing else to do, simply say "The weather," and it is always in order to pretend to have misunderstood your question's meaning. In this case it succeeded even better than usual.

"No, the Sun, the Sun. They must have it first; I would not have the World get it for—a good item like that, and exclusive, too."

This was encouraging. He was a newspaper man, that was plain enough; but why didn't he take his "news" to the office himself, instead of loading here on the bridge? The plot was thickening. It would probably work up best for the Police News. They liked something sensational. The "Mysteries of Manhattan" series might be worked up. "My Comrade on a Ferryboat," or something of that sort. All these conclusions flashed through my mind while I was watching the words of my next sentence.

"So you are a newspaper man? I used to do a little in that way myself."

I said this because I remember reading somewhere that it created a subtle sort of freemasonry between persons when they find that they have been in the same craft. In my youth I used to fold papers in a Jersey factory.

"Yes. I was a reporter; but that is my last item. Stop!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I've given you the envelope, are you not?"

"No, I have not been a reporter for some time," I replied with perfect candor.

"Then I can trust you with this; and since you have consented to do me a favor, I will tell you what you are about to ask—the substance of the item."

I felt ashamed at the imputation that I had a curiosity about his affairs, but I let it pass, and he continued:

"It is an account of a man who committed suicide by jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge. It is an interesting piece of news, giving the man's name, correctly spelled, his residence, list of relatives, motives for the rash act, and all."

"When did he jump?"

"It hasn't taken place at all yet; it will take place at 12:15 tonight."

I began to feel nervous.

"But, but—" I stammered.

"How do I know it?" he broke in. "Because I'm the man! Do you understand now? I'm going to kill myself tonight! I've no friend in the world but my paper, and I'm going to do it the only good turn I can, that never by any chance a correct and exclusive piece of news."

I felt that he was crazy, but the story was coming on finely. I must humor him.

"Good!" said I "it's a capital idea!" I thought of applying my maxim and telling him that I had committed suicide myself in my youth, but refrained, as that might only state he might not believe me. His story I must have at any cost.

"Come," I went on; "come with me to Leggett's Hotel, just across the bridge, and have something to eat. It's—it's—it's awfully unhealthy to go into suit water on an empty stomach."

The man looked at me as if he thought I was crazy, too; but I excused it on account of his perturbed mind. He followed me, however, and as we walked on in silence I hugged myself as I thought of the material I was gathering. Besides the article for the Sun, which I had now decided to expand into a serial, the incident would also make an excellent article for the Psychological Journal. I might also change the facts a little and have him crazed by strong drink, and work it up for a temperance paper, with the title "A Toper's Last Act: A True Story Founded on Facts." The possibilities were simply endless.

A well-cooked steak and hot whisky punch soon loosened his tongue, and I had him talking rationally enough. He had been a journalist for twelve years, he said; had worked on the leading papers of New York and Philadelphia, and had barely made enough to support himself and an invalid mother. As he went on to tell of the hardships of his life, I took out my notebook, and, holding it on my knee, jotted down points for an article on the trials of journalism. "The Reporter's Last Plunge" would make a good title, I thought, at any rate, I would take notes, and see what I could do with it.

When we parted it was past two o'clock, and he had promised me to give up his fatal purpose.

Reflecting that I had secured material from him for no end of good work, I gave him to my generous impulse and enclosed a five-dollar bill into his hand.

"Heaven bless you!" he said. "You have saved my life!"

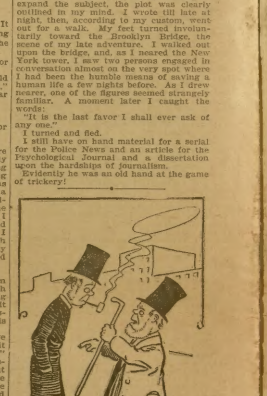
Circumstances prevented me from working up my material for several days, but my head was full of it all the time, and when I sat down at my desk, dashing to expand the subject, the plot was clearly outlined in my mind. As I wrote till late at night, then, according to my custom, went out for a walk. My feet turned involuntarily toward the Brooklyn Bridge, the scene of my late adventure. I walked out upon the bridge, and, as I neared the New York tower, I saw two persons engaged in conversation almost on the very spot where I had been the humble means of saving a human life a few nights before. As I drew nearer one of the persons seemed strangely familiar. A moment later I caught the words:

"It is the last favor I shall ever ask of any one."

I turned and fled.

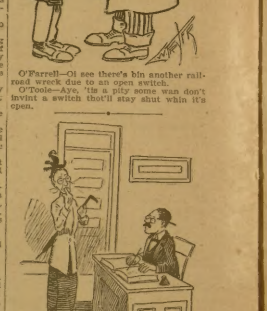
I still have on hand material for a serial for the Police News and an article for the Psychological Journal and a dissertation upon the hardships of journalism.

Evidently he was an old hand at the game of trickery!



O'Farrell—Oi see there's bin another railroad wreck due to open switch.

O'Toole—Aye, 'tis a pity some wan don't invint a switch that'll stay shut when it's open.



Court—Yes, you must state in what year you were born.

Miss Elder—Well, if I must tell, it was in 1887.

Clerk—A. D?

Life at the Mines

Pennsylvania Citizen (breathlessly)—Come down to Shantytown. The Hungarians are killing each other and the gutters are running with blood.

Pennsylvania Constable—My! my! What is it—a wedding or a christening?

THE SMILERS.

BRIDGTON BARD.

Wreathe a wreath of roses
For a crown upon the head
Of the smilers, smiling ever
As life's little paths they thread.
A wreath of regal ivy
A crown to crown them sweet,
Who go the road with smiling
And go with dancing feet!

The fanfare of the trumpets,
The banners of the light,
For those who greet us smiling,
Who make the wayside bright—
Wreathe round their way the roses,
Make regal to beguile
The leisure of the smilers,
Who light the world with smile!

Aye, crown them as the victors,
And cheer them as the blest.
Who laugh away life's troubles,
With brave hearts in their breast;
Who go with kindly mission,
Who wear with kindly grace
The badge of the smile of glory—
A smile upon the face!

—Baltimore Sun.

AN ESCAPED LOVER.

Sarah Bean was a maiden lady of thirty-five. She had never married on account of her face. She had a moderate income, left her by a relative, and she elected to live alone in a cottage in Hopeville, but if she had been worth fifty thousand dollars, and lived in a mansion, her chances of marriage would have been no better.

Men could overlook Sarah's big feet and hands and angular points, but they turned from her face and said they were sorry for her. She had come to be thirty-four years old before she realized her homeliness.

She didn't fully realize it then. She simply considered the matter a settled made by old Mrs. Hastings, and argued that it was a case of jealousy. She had never had a beau, much less a sweetheart, but she attributed the fact to her coyness and shyness. She had been coy and shy from her birth, and the characteristic had grown up with her.

Sarah was weeding the bed of hollyhocks in her garden, and setting along in the shade old way, when old Mrs. Hastings dropped in to complain of her rheumatism. It is easy to lead up from rheumatism to matrimony, and after a little the old lady bluntly announced:

"Sarah Bean, you must be goin' on to forty years old, and it's time you gave up simperin' like a young girl. People have been talkin' about it for ever so long."

"I'm not simpering on for forty, and you know it," was the reply; "and if I act in a girlish manner, that's my way, and I can't help it. The idea of any one saying I simper!"

"I should call it simpering, Sarah; but maybe you don't mean to do it. You ain't thinkin' of gittin' married, are you?"

"Of course not."

"If you were, you'd have a hard time of it, I'm afraid. Did any one ever tell you how homely you were?"

"How dare you talk like that to me?" roared Sarah, as the red came to her cheeks for the first time in years.

"Well, my way is to talk plain; and even if the truth hurts you, I must say that you are the homeliest-looking woman in Hopeville. I'm not sayin' so because you won't let my chickens scratch up your garden, but because it's so. I don't wonder you never caught a husband."

"But I never wanted to."

"Good thing for both of you. You'll never have an offer as long as you live, and so you might as well give up simperin'."

"I'll have an offer within a month, and you go home and attend to your own buns, head!" exclaimed the angered spinster.

"Yes, I'll be moving with my lame knee. Rheumatism is a bad thing—a bad thing. Didn't mean to say nothing to provoke you, but I thought you'd better know the truth, and save crimpin' your hair every day. You'll be bald-headed in a year or two more if you keep on. Be more neighborly, Sarah, and run in as often as you can. That's what we were put on earth for—to comfort one another."

When old Mrs. Hastings had limped on her way Sarah Bean sat down among her hollyhocks and cried. Then she arose and dusbud her tears away, and got mad. Then she ran into the house and stood before her glass, and criticized her features one by one, and said to herself:

"She just wanted to annoy me for driving her chickens out. I'm not beautiful, but I'm fair-looking and coy, and shy to boot. Nobody ever asked me to marry 'em, but there's because I haven't encouraged 'em. As for my not ever having an offer, I'll show old Mrs. Hastings and the other gossips. I'll have an offer within a month."

Where an offer was to come from she didn't stop to think, but to prove, in case anybody passed the house, that she was not cast down by gossip, she rearranged her curls, retied her apron, and returned to her flower-beds with added coquetry.

Sarah Bean's bedtime was nine o'clock. At that hour she wound the clock and entered every room below-stairs to fasten doors and windows.

On the evening of this day she entered the parlor as usual at the usual hour, to meet with a surprise. A sash of one of the front windows was up, and a man was half-way over the sill into the room.

Sarah screamed, of course. Her sudden advent, followed by the scream, startled the intruder, and he made a move that brought the sash down across the small of his back. In that position, with head and arms inside and legs and body outside, he was practically helpless.

The woman was shy of ordinary men, but not of burglars who were after her cash. She realized the situation of affairs in a moment, and it was not long before the intruder was bound hand and foot, and pulled over the sill into the room. The sash held him so tightly that he didn't have much to say in the matter.

He seemed a man of about forty, and he was well-dressed, and seemed to be quite a fair-looking fellow.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" asked Sarah Bean, after looking him over.

The fellow made no reply, but regarded her with a puzzled, wondering look.

"You needn't try to play deaf and dumb on me. I'll go out in a minute and call for help, and have you taken to jail. What are you looking at me this way for?"

"I was looking at your face," he growled.

"Is there anything the matter with it?"

"N'-o. That is, if I had seen your face before getting in here I shouldn't have tried it."

"You must mean something," said Sarah, as the blunt words of old Mrs. Hastings came to her mind. "Do you mean that I'm a homely-looking woman?"

"See here, miss," replied the intruder, dodging the question, "I am not a bad man. This is my first crime, and I was driven to it by want. I should have taken only food from your house. Let me go my way and make a new start in life."

He had called her "miss," and that softened her heart. He saw that she was yielding, and he renewed his promises and protestations, and managed to work tears into his eyes.

"I think I'll let you go," she said, after a time, "but I want you to tell me the truth about snatching. Am I homely?"

"N—not so very," he cautiously replied.

"But am I homely at all?"

"No, I wouldn't say so."

"Would you marry me if I was willing?"

The man was silent. He was a bad man, but he also had conscientious scruples.

"Would you, or would you not?" repeated Sarah.

"Yes, I would; and I hereby ask for your heart and hand!"

"Really, now?"

"I do."

"And it is a real, genuine offer?"

"On my soul, I'm in earnest."

"Old Mrs. Hastings said I'd never have one," mused the purring spinster, as she untied the knots, "but I felt it in my bones I would, and now I have. You are a burglar, and you came here to rob; but an offer is an offer, and methe——"

"Good night, old gal!" said the freed man, as he rose to his feet and pulled open the door and dashed out.

"Mrs. Hastings," said Sarah the next morning over the division-fence, "you told me yesterday I'd never have an offer of marriage."

"And you never will."

"But I've had one."

"When?"

"Only last night."

"And where's the feller?"

"Why—why—he got away from me!"

Deeply Interested.

Jinks—I would have been run over on Broadway today if it had not been for Winks, who was with me. He sprang forward and showered blows on the horses' heads with an umbrella. Just as the umbrella broke, the team stopped, and I was pulled out from beneath the wheels.

Blinks—Did the umbrella have a silver handle like a shepherd's crook?

Jinks—I didn't notice particularly, and, besides he broke it all to pieces stopping the team. Why?

Blinks—He borrowed mine yesterday.

Quite Another Matter.

Harker—Slowboy is all right when it comes to looking ahead.

Parker—Yes; but he's all wrong when it comes to going ahead.

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1883 LADIES' GATHERED SHIRT 22 TO 34 INCHES WAIST MEASURE
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1849 LADIES' BOX-ETON 32 TO 44 INCHES BUST MEASURE
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1863 LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST 32 TO 42 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1848 MISSES' SHIRT-WAIST WITH GORE TO BE USED OR NOT 13 TO 17 YEARS.
1855 LADIES' THREE-PIECE SHIRT 32 TO 34 INCHES WAIST MEASURE
1847 LADIES' BLOUSE JACKET 32 TO 42 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1852 GIRLS' JUMPER DRESS 6 TO 12 YEARS.
1866 INFANTS' ONE-PRICE PRINCESS PETTICOAT
1839 GIRLS' SAILOR SUIT 6 TO 12 YEARS
1874 MISSES' TUCKED JUMPER 13 TO 17 YEARS
1877 LADIES' TUCKED JUMPER 32 TO 40 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1887 LADIES' KIMONO WRAPPER AND SACK 32 TO 44 INCHES BUST MEASURE.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

I ain't weedy like some boys, for I've
growed ex big'a I orter;
But long in spring I allus feel run down
and worn out sorter.
When dad begins to plow the sod and maw
begins to potter
'Bout makin' soap an' gardenin', my form'li
fairly totter.
My back aches so I can't set straight, nor
can't help to do a thing;
I don't know how it happens I'm so sickly
in the spring.

Ef I wuz feelin' well an' strong there's lots
that I could do—
I cud cut the grass an' rake the yard an'
pump the water, too;
I cud fill the old ash hopper an' help maw
hunt the eggs
An' do a thousand little chores ef I only
had strong legs.
An' nen, sometimes, my head aches so, I
jest can't do a thing—
It's mighty hard to have to be so weakly
in the spring.

'Nen when I'm feelin' at my wust, my paw
don't seem to care,
An' maw don't worry like you'd think, ner
in my troubles share;
Sometimes she bites a tonic out of blood
root, bitter-ont
An' makes me take a cup o' that 'bout
every hour or so.
I've lost all taste for marbles er for bat
er anything—
I'm jest er plumb exhausted when I'm
sickly in the spring.
—F. M. A.

A French Heroine.

This is a story of a heroine of France: At St. Vincent, near Lorient, in Brittany, the River Ars was frozen over. Some children ventured on the ice, utterly heedless of its weakness and the depth of the stream beneath. Before they had gone many steps they had fallen through and were in the water. Mlle. le Commandeur, a girl of 9, heard the cries of two women who saw the accident from the river bank some distance away.

She resolutely waded into the river, making a way for herself through the broken ice, and with the water sweeping over her shoulders she reached the two elder children, one aged 10 and the other 7, who were clinging to the edge of the ice, and brought them to the river bank.

The third child, a 2-year-old baby, she left clinging to the ice, thinking that he had a better chance of staying above the water than the bigger children. But before she reached him he slipped and was washed into midstream and sank out of sight.

The girl dived, caught the baby's clothing and dragged him to the shore. Rescued and rescuer were all put to bed at once and none suffered any bad results of the wetting and exposure.

A Freshman.

A freshman who had entered one of the large universities, and was not much accustomed to the ways of the institutions of learning or of cities, was returning late one evening from a lecture. When near his lodgings he was halted by two masked men, who "held him up" in true metropolitan style.

One of the men leveled the conventional revolver at the young man, while the other relieved him of his watch, pocketbook and other valuables.

Not a word was said of the matter to anybody at the time, but a few days later he reported it to the president of the university.

"It wasn't a great deal," he said, "but it was more than I like to lose, and I think it's an outrage to treat a boy that way."

"Why didn't you tell me of this sooner?" asked the president.

"I supposed they would bring the things back to me next morning," he answered. "It was a couple of sophomores hazing me, wasn't it?"

A Canine Traveler.

Two years ago this month a dog belonging to a boy named Albert Johnson of Florence, Ariz., disappeared one day and was not again seen by any one who knew him until last week. He had a tag on his collar, and on the tag was written the information that he had been stolen away by a tramp and had accompanied his new master on his travels through Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Canada, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Where the tramp left him, and how he made his way home from the spot no one could say. On the tag it was further announced:

"This dorg is a good dorg and has behave. himself."

A Boy's Pet.

In Goshen, Ind., a boy named Taylor caught a rat in a trap one day and as the rodent was young and dy. no. seem to be very much afraid o. him I. was determined to train him. The rat was put in another cage, and in a week he would eat from the boy's hand. In two weeks he could be handled. Then he was given a name and would answer to it by squealing.

In about three months the little animal was allowed to run about the house. He chased all other rats away, scared the mice almost to death and whipped the cat in a fair fight. At the word of command he will sit up like a dog, lie down and roll over, perform on a trapeze and do a score of other tricks. It has been found that he is more intelligent than the average dog, and the lad has been offered as high as $50 for him. He will teach him a few more tricks and then get an engagement in a dime museum.

The Centaurs.

The fable that the Centaurs were half man and half horse, like many other old myths, had its origin in reality. It grew out of the horseback riding habit of the Thessalians. People who had never seen a horse before took the horse and the man for one being. That is what the American Indians thought when they first saw the Spaniards on horseback.

Mamma—Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been?
The Kid—No, I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family.

He Knew.

The pretty teacher was trying to explain the difference between good conduct and bad, says the Youth's Companion. "Good actions," she explained, "are the lovely flowers. Bad ones are the weeds. Now can any little boy or girl tell me the difference between flowers and weeds? What are flowers? What are weeds?"

"Weeds," said Walter, who had been struggling with the sorrel in his mother's garden, "are the plants that want to grow, and flowers are the ones that don't."

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE!
Cried Jane
"I just heard Mother say There is a Spanking breeze to day.
I fear it's come for me, and so I think I won't go out, you know!"

THE ORPHAN DOLLS.

The dollies that he in the shops, heigh ho!
They stand in a long and smiling row;
Their curls are so tidy, their frocks so neat,
In perfect order from head to feet,
They look so cheerful, you'd hardly guess
That each poor dolly is motherless,
And longs for some little girl to come
Who will carry her off to a cozy home,
Where she will be petted and hugged and kissed—
Things that an orphan doll has missed.

The dollies that live in the homes, O dear!
Sometimes they certainly do look queer;
For much caressing from little girls
Makes battered noses and straggling curls,
And garments by little fingers wrought
Don't always fit in the way they ought.
But there's never a dolly, I'm sure of this,
Once loved and mothered with hug and kiss,
Who would choose to be new, and have to stop
With her motherless friends in a downtown shop.

The Youngest Soldier.

The youngest soldier in France, and probably in any other country, is a lad 10 years old, named Pierre Lavoli. His mother is a poor widow living in one of the garrison towns on the Rhine. Pierre was a favorite with the soldiers and was allowed to run about the barracks and the fort.

A soldier who had been punished made up his mind to blow up the magazine in revenge. It contained thirty tons of powder, and an explosion would have been followed by great loss of life and destruction.

Little Pierre discovered the soldier making his preparations, and ran to inform on him. He was arrested and a moment too soon, and after being tried was sentenced to be shot.

The lad was enlisted as a grenadier and will probably be a soldier all the rest of his life. His pay is sufficient to make his mother very comfortable.

A Boy Somnambulist.

Charles Gredd, a boy 14 years old, and a resident of Louisiana, was discovered walking in his sleep one night last summer, and after being watched it was found that it was a nightly habit with him to walk half a mile to the Mississippi River and back.

On reaching the stream he would stand for fifteen minutes as if looking across at the other shore.

Mr. Gredd determined to break the boy of the habit, and one night he met him at the bank where the sleepwalker always stood.

This night, when the boy took up his old position, he slid into the river with a great splash, and when reaching for a boat he was scared half to death and has not done any night-walking since.

GIVE IT UP?

What, give it up, that problem, hard!
And can you cannot do it?
Nay, if you cherish self-regard,
Just stumble stick to it.

Ah, life is full of problems, lad,
Which one must meet and master;
For which solution must be had,
Or else be soon distasted.

Then turn again and face your task,
How many times defeated;
Nor seek escape nor favors ask
Till with success you're greeted.

Walter Scott's Rebecca.

It may not be known to many of the boys and girls that a young lady of Philadelphia, Miss Rebecca Gratz, was the model for Walter Scott's character of "Rebecca" in his great and ever-popular "Ivanhoe." It is also known that the friendship that existed between Scott and Washington Irving. Irving knew and admired Miss Gratz, and he talked to Scott so much about her and in terms so enthusiastic, that Scott conceived the idea of using her as a prototype. The Gratz family is still prominent in Philadelphia.